THE

Pulpit-Fool.

A

SATYR.

Upon Mr Higgins, Dean Sherlock, Bagnley, Tongston &c.

Tell me, Ambition! Prithee tell me why,
So many **Dunces** Doctors, and not I?
A Scarlet Gown I must and will obtain;
I cannot else commence **A Priest in Grain.**

Dr. *Wild*

LONDON:
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THE

Bulfinch Pool.

A

SATYR.

LONDON:

THE PREFACE

THE Veneration and Seriouſneſs with which **The Pulpit** ought to be treated, make it neceſſary that I give ſome briet Account of the Title, Riſe, and Deſign of the following Satyr.

By **Pulpit-Fool**, I don't mean a Clergy-man without Wit and Learning, (for no ſuch can be admitted to Holy Orders); but by **Pulpit Fool**, I mean a **Levite**, that Rails in the Pulpit, and **Plots** out of it; that reviles Diſſenters for not coming to Church, and *yet ſpeaks falſe Divinity with his Converſation*; as if he thought to go to Heaven ſome other way than what he Teaches the People——— He is one that's Stupid and Cenſorious, a meer *H———ns* (that's a **Meer Incendiary**) a Wolf in Sheeps Cloathing, 'a profeſt Enemy to Church and State, *hid under Canonical Veſtments*, that with more eaſe, and leſs Suſpicion, he might ſeduce her Majeſties Subjects from their Duty and Obedience, and encreaſe the Number of a peeviſh, ill-affected and ungovernable Faction——— So much for the Title [**The Pulpit-Fool**.]

As to the **Riſe** of the following **Satyr**, I think I have no occaſion to Apologize, as 'tis wholly owing to thoſe falſe and Seditious *Suggeſtions deliver'd by Mr.* H———ns *in Sermon preach'd at* Whitehall, Febr. 26. 1706-7. for which he was taken into the Cuſtody of one of her Majeſties Meſſengers in ordinary, by virtue of a Warrant from the Principal Secretary of State: And ſince this, *the Grand Jury of Middleſex*, have found a **Bill of Indictment** againſt him for ſaying (in the open Pulpit) *Thoſe that brought the Royal Martyr to the Scaffold and to the Block, ſuch as thoſe are now prefer'd to the greateſt Places of Truſt in the Kingdom.*

To theſe falſe and Seditious Expreſſions, this **Satyr** owes its **Riſe**, and for this all the *Jacking-Clergy* in GREAT BRITAIN and *Ireland*, will find themſelves ſeverely (becauſe truly) exp'ſs'd in the Characters I have given of them, and if any GUILTY LEVITE thinks good to wince, he ſhall find I am able to prove in Words at length, what (with Reſpect to his Gown) I have but yet advanc'd under **Initial Letters**. It muſt be own'd, the Characters of Clergy-men are the moſt difficult to write, but when even in **Rhiming**, I don't uſe a *Poetick Licenſe*, I need not fear the ſevereſt Critick, for where I write the moſt bitter Invectives, *if I aſſert nothing but Truth, Truth alone will protect me.*

Then Gentlemen, never *Rail in Pulpits*, unleſs you mean to be **Satyriz'd** for it, and to be run down in all Places of Reſort, nine Days after, as *H———ns* was for his Railing and Seditious Sermon, which he preacht at *Whitehall*, St. *Anns*, *Cripple-Gate*, and other Places.

That our Native Countrey is divided within it ſelf, is ſo well known, that few are Ignorant of it; but that which doth occaſion theſe Separations and Dividings, too many are Ignorant of: *One is for this way, and another is for that way*; and how much time is there ſpent, that might be better employ'd for the Glory of God, than it is for *Party* and *Party* to quarrel with one another, about who is in the Right Way? And theſe Heats and Animoſities have often had their very Riſe from the *Pulpit*, and that tho' the *Preachers of the Goſpel are the Ambaſſadours of Peace*, and ſhou'd do all they can to heal our Differences; but when inſtead of that, they do (with *H———ns*) all they can to foment our *Differences, and create Miſunderſtandings*; they ought to Anſwer for it in a *Court of Juſtice* (as *H———ns* muſt do in a few Days,) and be proceeded againſt as Diſturbers of the Publick *Peace, and Enemies to their Native Country.*

The PREFACE.

I am sure Railing is against the Majesty of Preaching, as being a Practice much more becoming a *Shrew in Cathedra* (if I may so call her Chair of State, the *Ducking-Stool*) than a Minister in the Face of a Congregation. Modesty is a very great Vertue in all Men, but in Clergy-men especially: It is good to be Civil every where, but in the Pulpit especially. That Clergy-man that Rails in the Church where he shou'd Preach the Gospel of Peace, disgraces his sacred Function, and (*were he a Priest, Deacon, or Dissenting Parson*) is but a **Pulpit-Fool**.

'Tis true, the Number of these is few, not Three in *Ireland* (of which *Higgins* is one) not Six in *London*, but Two in *Oxford*, and scarce Twenty in the Queens Dominions; but tho' their Number is few, *some few there are that by their Railing Sermons, and Scandalous Lives*, give the Ignorant an occasion to use it as a Proverb, to say, *That the Parson is but as another Man when he is out of the Pulpit*; *which is too* **Notorious** *to be denied.*

I need only instance in the *Coffee-House Preachers* (Characteriz'd in the following **Satyr**) to shew how short some of them come in doing of their own *Duty, whose Duty it is to instruct others by their Lives and Doctrine.*

'Tis strange that the Ministers of the Gospel, shou'd thus, to the Scandal of Religion, and Reproach of the Gown, turn INCENDIARIES; and instead of instilling into the Peoples Minds, *the true Principles of Religion, Peace and Loyalty*, which has always been the Glory and Character of the Church of *England*, should now be the Authors and Promoters of Scandal, Sedition, and Discord.——Bold Age we live in! when every Tacking Priest (such as *B——ns*) thinks himself wiser than *the Fathers of the Church, and Peers of the Realm*, and presumes (even in the Pulpit) to condemn their Persons and Actions, which I had almost said are above *H——ns*, even to commend and justifie, because above him to meddle or make with: Where I see any Man Rail in this scandalous manner, I shan't scruple to call him **Fool**, and if a Clergy-man, **A Pulpit Fool**.

Are we not on all sides agreed, that we are Mortals posting to the Grave? *Doth any Man think he shall not die?* And is striving, or mutual Love and Quietness, a fitter Passage to the Dust? Do not all Men, constrained by Natural Conscience, *at a dying Hour Repent of hurting others, and ask forgiveness of all the World?* But such is the common Fate of *Pulpit-Railers*, that whilst they would reach a Knock at the *Dissenters* (their Enemies, as they through Mistake think them) they lose their Blow, and wound themselves; *so easie it is while they are Railing, to forget that they are dying, and that their Sand runs faster than their Tongues.*

It can't be amiss therefore to expose such blind Guides in their proper Colours, for 'tis full Time that such that will not Join in healing our Breaches, shou'd all UNITE in a Satyr. Besides, shou'd the **Pulpit Fools** escape better than the **Lay Blockheads**, the World wou'd say (and that Justly too) that *Justice is not fairly bound with*, but makes a shift to get a glance of the Parties concern'd, and spares one more than another.

The DESIGN therefore of this Satyr, is to Reform even the *Pulpit*; and in that, as well to do Justice to the WISE and serious Preacher, as to expose such as are *Vain and Foolish*; 'tis true, even the *Pulpit-Fools* do come into that sacred Place *with the Certificate of the* God *of Heaven*, that is, they have a Call to Preach, but none to Rail, and therefore—— **A Satyr on the Pulpit-Fools** was a Work both necessary and seasonable (*as H——n's Tryal is coming on*) nor can they (in Reason) think they have hard Treatment; for he that will plead the Privilege of the Sanctuary, must keep within the *Verge of it*. I have heard of a Gentleman that being prosecuted in the High Commission for striking a Reverend Clergy man, pleaded that Mr. *Parson* was not in his Canonical Habiliments, and therefore ought not to insist upon his Character; and *Archbishop Laud* voted for the poor Man's Discharge, because it was but *Lay-Battery* to cudgel a Coat, which

wou'd

would have been *Theomachy* upon a Cassock; I must borrow the same Plea; that the Reverend Mr. *H———ns* ought not to stand upon the Priviledge of a Preacher, unless he had kept closer to his Commission, and Preach'd nothing for GOSPEL, but what really was the *Word of God*: 'Tis my own, 'tis exceeding hard for *Pulpit-Fools* (I mean Men of a Persecuting Principle) when they mount the Pulpit, to leave their *Pride, and Passion, and Bigotry* behind them in their Studies, or in the Desk, for such as these think that a Sermon, except a little larded with a *Line or two of Bitterness*, (I mean some Downright, or at least squinting Reflections upon the *Dissenters*) will not please their beloved Brethren the *Tackers*; whereas every Orthodox and *Wise Preacher* makes it his business to instruct, and not to amuse or please his Hearers. The Wise Preacher commands attention only by the seriousness of his Discourses, which are always confin'd to what we ought to believe or Practice, without wandering into unnecessary Disputes or Impertinent Digressions; and for that Reason he never Rails in the Pulpit at such who only differ from him in a few Ceremonies, which he calls indifferent; and when he Reproves any *(be it in the Pulpit or out of it)* 'tis always with sound Arguments and gentle Words; such (and only such) is the *Wise Preacher*, and if Providence raises him to be a BISHOP (or Governour in the Church) he is so much the more humble, the higher he is exalted; for he then sees his Account to be greater, and requires the Exercise of his greatest Care and Industry to discharge it uprightly. His Authority in his Diocesse, does not make him forget that the *Inferiour Clergy* are his Brethren, and he treats them accordingly; and the Augmentation to his Estate, reminds him that he is only a *Trustee for the Poor*, and must be given to Hospitallity. Such a Wise and Reverend Person as this, [whether Bishop or Inferiour Priest] always lives belov'd, and dies lamented.

Now this **Satyr** does not so much as once *squint* a Reflexion at any Divine (**whether Con, or Non-Con**) that is thus **Wise** and Pious; no: such a Clergy man is a faithful and true Minister of Christ, and we find his Character exemplified in all those **Bishops** (I'll not except one) that now fill our *English* Sees, and in most of the Interiour Clergy, who for that Reason ought to be heard as the *Oracles of God*, for their Lives Preach as well as their Doctrine; like **Wise Preachers**, *they all Promote a Union of Hearts and Affections*, &c. ——— They are all **Talbots** for healing our Divisions, and Preaching the pure Gospel of Christ. **Divinity** is the exercise and glory of their Studies; this makes 'em **Wise** both in the Pulpit and out of it, nay this makes every place where they vouchsafe to Discourse, to be **a Pulpit**, for such is the Bounty of their Religious Conversation, that howsoever the Place may be chang'd, the Sermon is perpetual.

But for the **Wiser, Turn-Coat, Ratler**, &c. (for 'tis only such are expos'd in the following **Satyr**) he is a *Scandal both to Religion and his Gown*, and as such is a just subject for **Satyr**; I know the *Pulpit-Fools* and Tackers (such as *H—ns*) will be of another Opinion, and perhaps bestow a *Railing Sermon* (as their Talent lies that way) upon the Author of this **Satyr**; but I write nothing but what I'll prove; and therefore the strict Truth I have kept to has set me above their Malice. It is not out of any *Secret Grudge* that I bear unto any particular Clergy-man, that has engag'd me in this **Satyr**: If therefore any one is angry with me for speaking the Truth, I shall rather pity his Weakness, than ask his Pardon; for if I have discover'd the **Pulpit Fools**, that is, if I have crossed any ones corrupted and Depraved Nature, *I have but wounded that which he ought to crucifie.*

Thus have I given a brief account of the *Title, Rise, and Design of the* **Pulpit Fool**. I know some will argue from the Title of this **Satyr**, that the Author has **No Religion** at all, or at least *(as he exposes the Pulpit-Fool in ev'ry Sect)* but a **Trimming** one.

To

To this I answer, I am or wou'd be *a True* (not High or Low) *Churchman*; and therefore call me *Trimmer*, *Phanatick*, or what you please, for 'tis of small moment with me, whether a malignant World will allow me that excellent Character; my right to the Covenant of Grace, and my eternal Interest, have no Dependance upon Ill-nature and Envy: However, that the serious Reader, may be no longer confounded with the Distinction of *High and Low-Church*, but be what he ought —— *a True Church-man*; —— I shall here give the Character of *a True Church-man*, that we may the better judge to whom this excellent Name belongs, and who they are that unjustly usurp it.

A True Church-Man (*whether of the Clergy or Laity*) *is one who lives in Communion with the Church of* England, *that is, who Communicates in Religious Offices, in the Prayers and Sacraments of the Church. Some think it Title enough to the Name of Church-man, that they Communicate with no Dissenters*, as if to dissent from all Religion, were the Character of a True Church man. *Certainly a Man of any Religion is nearer the Church of* England, *than he that hath none, for they agree in worshiping God, tho' they differ in the Modes of Worship.* And there is too great a Party of these Church-men, who seldom see the inside of a Church, *and as seldom shew any signs of Devotion, when they are there.—God deliver us from such Church-men, and the Church from the Scandal of such Pretenders.*

This, in short, is the Character of a **True Church-Man**; wherein I han't liv'd answerably to it (for I must cry with the Publican —— *Lord be merciful to me a Sinner*) I heartily ask Pardon from God, and Forgiveness (where 'tis necessary) from Men: Then shou'd any call me **Phanatick**, **Trimmer**, (that is, in the Sense of the High-Flyers, *a Person of no Religion*) yet I shall ever declare my self—*a True Church-man*, that is (in three Words) *A Protestant Christian, a Son of the Church of* England, *as now Establish'd by Law*; and (as *Eternity* depends upon it) I think no Man can blame me for chusing (what I count) the **best way** to Heaven. Not that I think the *Anabaptists*, *Independents*, *Presbyterians* (who come the nearest the Church of *England*, of any that Dissent from it) of a different Religion from mine, and shall be ever ready, as opportunity offers, to hear (and encourage, as my Estate shall enable me) a *Serious Preacher* (or poor Christian) of any of those Perswasions; for we all hold *One Faith*, *One Lord*, *One Baptism*, &c. and it betrays great Ignorance, as well as Uncharitableness, to call my self of *another Religion* from those Three I have Named, when we all agree in the *Fundamental Points of the Christian Faith.*

I shall make no farther Apology for the Publishing of this **Satyr**, 'tis enough to acquaint the World I have perform'd the whole *without Partiality either to Persons or Parties*: The **Pulpit Fools** of my own Perswasion (I mean those who unjustly usurp the Name of **Church-Men**) are as severely lash't as the *Pulpit-Fools* amongst the Dissenters. I'm thus Impartial to all Parties, as believing all Denominations of *Protestants* (holding the Fundamental Articles of the Christian Faith) of the same Church: I own, 'tis a great Paradox to call Church-men, and such as Dissent from it, Members of the same Church; but 'tis clear they are so; for 'tis not (to use Bishop *Hall's* Expression) *A Title, or a Retinue, or a Ceremony, a Garment, or a Colour, or an Organ Pipe, that can make us a different Church* —— as I prove at large in my Second Part of the **Pulpit-Fool**, which I shall publish in few Days, if this first meets with a **Civil Treatment.**

But *Reader*, least I tire thy Patience with a Tedious **Preface**, like the **Pulpit-Fools** of the Age, which breathe their Auditors at every accent, *either asleep, or out of the* Church, I will no longer detain thee in the Porch: If my **Rhiming Minutes**, shall either please or profit thee, I have my End; if not, I have my Desire, may I be ever accounted *Thy Friend and Servant.*

THE

THE Pulpit Fool. A SATYR.

HOW ſtupid, *Jackiſh*, and how vile, at beſt,
Are *Pulpit Fools*, who rail at all the reſt!
Philoſophers and Poets vainly ſtrove,
In every Age, the ſtumpiſh Maſs to move;
But *Honeſt Fools* are Wits, compar'd with theſe,—
Who neither do inſtruct the Soul, nor pleaſe;
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Myſterious Morals gently to convey
In charming Numbers; ſo that as Men grew
Pleas'd with their Poems, they grew wiſer too:
SATYR has always ſhin'd among the reſt,
And is the boldeſt way, if not the beſt,
To tell Men freely of their blackeſt Faults:
Then *Pulpit Fools*, come here and purge your Thoughts.

We *Lay-men* too, shou'd all Reform, 'tis true;
But lead the way, for we Reform by you:
Alas, your Pulpits want Reforming too!
You'd pass for Wits, but SATYR do thy best
To prove those Fools that only preach in Jest,
For Railers are *Jack-puddings* in the Desk!
Here *Pulpit-Fools*, know, I by SATYR mean
No course Lampoon, Uncivil or Obscene,
Where a vile Wit shall nauseous Railing use,
Or to his Passion prostitute his Muse.
A LIBELLER might then pretend to Sense,
Whose only Property is Impudence,
The common Whore for Scolding we shou'd praise,
And Common have a title to the Bays.
No — SATYR will in brighter colours shine;
Her Form is Dreadful, but 'tis all Divine:
In her true shape she always will appear
Just, and impartial, as she is severe:
The *Church* and *State* to her Remarks belong,
She will but seldom touch a private Wrong;
And now — the *Pulpit Fool* — will be her Song;
Unless the Example shou'd be understood,
Or private Errors threaten publick Good:
But where of late, in *England* can we find,
A *Bard* of such a vast extended Mind,
Who scorning loss of Fortune and of Blood,
Dares venture boldly for the common Good:
No *Pens* rise up i'th' injur'd Pulpit's Cause,
For *Lesly*'s work is only making Flaws:
Then Boon Courage! my Pen's the first that draws.

Yes,

Yes, *Pulpit Fools*, I dare to make a Pass,
At you that shame the Gown, and Preach up War,
At you that prate of *Dangers*, din our Heads with Fears,
And in the Pulpit beat for Volunteers;
To storm a *Bugbear Castle* in the Air.
In *SATYR*, Wise Men take their different ways,
But each does merit its peculiar Praise:
Some do all *Folly* with just sharpness blame,
Whilst others laugh and scorn Men into Shame;
But of these Two, the last succeeded best,
(As Men aim rightest when they shoot in Jest)
Yet if I may presume to blame our Guides,
And censure such who rail at all besides,
In ev'ry road my Pegasus shall ride.

And first I'll say, Those *Fools* have strangely err'd,
Who (tho' the Queen has Peace so much admir'd,)
Do Rail as if they fear'd to be prefer'd.
Against the Nations Welfare these declaim;
Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble Game;
But let these Whore and Rail, for who wou'd Preach
Morals to *Oxford*, or Lewd *Covent-Garden* teach,
But with sharp Eyes, those nicer Faults to find,
Which lie obscurely in the wisest Mind,
That *little Speck*, which all the rest does spoil,
To wash off that, wou'd be a noble Toil;
Beyond the *true-born Libells* of this Age,
Or the forc'd Scenes of our declining Stage.
I love to call each *Levite* by his Name,
Land a great K[illegible], and *Knaggs* an honest Man.

This is the *SATYR* that's intended here;
In such a SATYR all will seek a share,
And every Fool will fancy he is there.
Old Hackney Criticks now muſt pine and die,
To ſee their Antiquated Wit laid by;
Like her who miſs'd her Name in a Lampoon,
And griev'd to find herſelf decay'd ſo ſoon.
No *Temporal Coxcomb* ſhall be mention'd here,
Nor ſhall the Train of dancing Beaus appear;
No fluttering Officers, who never Fight;
Of ſuch a wretched Rabble who won'd write?
Much leſs the Wits; that's more againſt our Rules;
For they are *Knaves*, the other are but *Fools*:
Nor ſhall the *wanton Miſtreſſes* be nam'd,
Too ugly, or too eaſie to be blam'd;
With whom each *Rhiming Fool* keeps ſuch a Pother,
They are as common that way as the other.
In ſhort, 'tis none but *Pulpit Fools* I'll name,
Their *Riſe*, their *Follies*, *Madneſs* and their *Shame*,
For 'tis from theſe, our *Feuds* and *Tacking* came:
Then, *Reverend Fools*, may I your leaves implore,
To kiſs your Hands, that I may aſh the more?
May I draw neat, and with a rough hew'd Pen
Give a ſmall *Draught* of you, the worſt of Men,
Tell of your Merits and your mighty Skill,
In hatching firſt, then boding future Ill?
What *Rome* does ask, you muſt not her deny;
If *Hell* commands you too, you muſt comply;
There's none but you with *Tackers* wou'd combine,
(Things made like Men, but act like Brutes and Swine).

Your

Your Lives are Vain, and all your Sermons Trash,
You Rail at *Whigs*, but squint your selves at *Mass*;
You're *Pulpit Fools*, degrading is your due;
All that compleats a Traytor, dwells in you.
Thus you, like *Hectors*, to the *Pulpit* get,
And in defiance to the Gospel fret,
For Railing was never counted Preaching yet.
You toil for *Rome*, and in the *Pulpit* try,
Your Tacking Strength, and Cobweb Policy,
(Experiments which all good Men defie)
Compleat your Crimes, and then you're fit to die.
True Pulpit Fools! Pimps to the Church of *Rome*,
Meer *Higginites*, (a) Heirs to his Scorn and Doom;
Was e'er the Gown disgrac'd with such a Brood,
All dipt in Tacking, *which is next to Blood?*
Worse than *Fanatick Fools* (b) for they being Prest
By a wise Prince, preach'd to repeal the Test;
Then here's the difference 'twixt you Popish Tools,
You're downright Rogues, they only Knaves and Fools.

Having thus address'd in Love and pure Respect,
I'll next your Rise and Practices detect.
Your *Birth and Life* the Learned thus explain,
Natural Religion, easie first, and plain;
Tales made it Mystery, Offerings made it Gain:
Sacrifices and Feasts, were at length prepar'd,
The PRIESTS *eat Roast-meat, and the People star'd;*
And from that time the Pulpit Fool *appear'd.*

(a) *Higgins* the Clergy-man here named, is described in the following Poem.
(b) *L—b* and *N—s* are all the *Dissenting Parsons* that are here meant; those two being all that were for *Repealing the Test*, &c.

But

But ſince no Limner ever drew your Face,
(On *Reverence* he durſt not ſtare and gaze,)
I'll try for once how I can paint your Face;
The *Pulpit Fools* have not the leaſt pretence,
To Wit or Parts, beſides bare Confidence;
They only have the Gift of being frank,
And pleaſe the World juſt like a Mountebank,
Theſe Figures without any meaning take,
And do a FARCE of Vice and Vertue make.
Forbear all Drolling in the *Pulpit, Fool*;
Ne'er for a *Top-knot* damn a harmleſs Soul;
Mackrel and Paint, let B—— talk about,
Be wiſe in Pulpit, tho' ſtark Fool when out;
Let Vices Image be ſo neatly wrought,
It may diſturb the Heart, not wound the Thought.
Now of theſe *Pulpit Fools*, we often find
As many ſorts as are to *Whims* inclin'd.

As firſt, He that *Extempore* will Preach,
Is a bold *Fool* —— And what can Block-heads teach?
All ſerious Preaching muſt come from the Heart,
Then they are *Fools* that think not, *yet exhort*:
Words ſpoke at random, have not half the grace
As a word ranked in its proper place.
But *Plain Diſcourſe*, of *Order Void*, and *Art*,
Is better than a *ſtarch'd* one got by Heart;
Yet what by *Study*, moves and pleaſes you,
By the ſame Reaſon muſt pleaſe others too:
Hence the *Deſigns* of all your Sermons lay:
On diff'rent Theams, chooſe ſtill a diff'rent way;

Here

Here an Encomium, there a Myſterie;
Here Vertue to the Life, muſt painted be;
Here Sinners muſt by ſharp invective ſmart,
All *diff'rently* muſt be toucht — yet all with Art:
If to the purpoſe Morals you'd exhort,
Then *Study* well the City and the Court;
Do not a Merchant, like a Lord diſguiſe,
Nor ſet on Subjects, *Royal Qualities*;
Make Miſers ſcrape, let Sluggards ſtretch and yawn;
Paint Lords Fantaſtick, and make Courtiers fawn;
But Parſon, have a care while you correct,
That we do not *Extempore* Whims detect;
Where we do *pure Chriſtianity* expect;
Pulpits from Heatheniſh Vertues are exempt;
And none but *Fools* will their great Praiſe attempt,
Unleſs with true Religion burniſh'd o'er,
And Chriſtian turn what Pagan was before:
In all your Drafts, let Nature copied be,
That we the Heart may through the Piſture ſee:
No Preaching's Real that's *Extempore:*
But *too plain Colours*, prudently forbear,
Name not the Sinner in the Character,
Who'd tell his Faults to a Fame-murderer?
But yet *Extempore Fools* do often ſteer,
To this or that Diſſenter, tho' 'tis clear,
They call that *Schiſm*, which is *Godly Fear*.
Poor ſqueamiſh *Fools*, your Throats are ſtrait and nice,
But tho' you keck at *Schiſm*, you'll ſwallow Lyes,
But Mercy Lord! 'Tis Extempore Vice.

The

The *Tacking Fool* in Pulpits too, did Rave;
Perkin his King, and he his humble Slave.
The Churches *Danger* he can plainly see;
For all its *Danger* is from such as he;
He's a meer Higgins for Pride and Bigotry.
These are the *Fools* that live at Wrack and Manger,
And now reduc'd, weep for the *Churches Danger*,
Lament her Ruine, and deplore her Doom,
But wou'd you know what Church? *'tis that of Rome*;
'Tis that's the Church they mean, 'tis that they fear,
For there's no other Church in Danger here.
The Church of *England*, and of *Scotish* Hue,
To each of which they equal kindness shew,
Are safe from Danger, and *UNITED* too.
But *Pulpit Fools*, that *Tack* with Popish Strings,
Are still agog for Transubstantiate Things
Chimera Reigns, and Metaphysick Kings.
Sublim'd to School Divinity Extreams,
Their Brains do trow with *Patriarchal Dreams*,
So high from solid honest Wisdom blown,
They'd have some *Hippo-Centaur* on the Throne;
No King by Law, but by some God appointed;
Not Lay elected, but by Priest Anointed.
Away this *Tacking*, *Levite*, Priest-Craft, Prince;
Give us a Queen *Divine*, by Law and Sense;
Just such a *Queen* as is our present Fence.
But *Tacking Fools* do in Dragoons delight,
They stretch their King unto the highest Flight,
For thus did *Tackers preach*, and M——*n* write.

That

That Kings in a compendious Method teach,
Where *Force* is Law (for that the *Tackers* preach)
That Laws are nothing, where great Armies come;
For who'd talk Gospel to a Kettle-Drum?
They act as if they thought 't a glorious Cause
Both to destroy our Liberty and Laws,
They Preach a Prince o'th' Blood can ne'er do ill,
That 'tis their Birth-right to have power to kill.
They think a *Monarch* has too great a Mind,
To be by Justice or by Law confin'd;
And this lasts just so long as he is kind.
Try but their *Passive Grace*, but hang their Friend,
Their Non-resisting Cant is at an end;
Mad *Tacking Fools!* what is't, cou'd you provoke,
To stoop again unto the *Romish* Yoke?
May you be curst, and all your hopes demolish,
And perish by those Laws you wou'd abolish.
But why do I the *Tackers* thus arraign,
For truly *Jacks* have reason to complain,
As they have rail'd so long, and rail'd in vain.
How did they go and come, and run and ride,
They knew our Ruin lay in this —*Divide:*
This made them beat Alarms, and Pray and Preach,
'Twas to forbid the *Scotch* and *English* Match,
But now *Great Britain* is above their reach;
For *Scotch* and *English*, as United *Loons*,
Do now defie the Dev'l and all his *Sons.*
Thus *Tacking Preachers*, all Uniting hate,
Love Strife and War, Contention and Debate:
These wrong the *Queen*, and then to make amends,
With Oaths declare they are her only Friends.

But why is all this Conteſt and this Strife,
This ſtruggling in the State, as 'twere for Life?
The *Tacking Fool* does common Roads forſake,
O'er Hedges, and thro' ſtanding Corn they break;
They own'd no Plot, when Popery was deſign'd,
The *Churches Danger* then ne'er ſeiz'd their Mind;
But now make Plots, where Plots they cannot find:
Yet their Deſigns, they do ſo idly Frame,
That now, *a Tacker* is a publick Shame;
But tho' he finds his evil Projects curs'd,
He keeps the Impudence he had at firſt;
For ſtill 'gainſt Truth and Loyalty he'll fight,
And falſly cry, *The Church* can have no Right:
Rebels and Traytors they will ſtill create,
And are *Men-catchers* of the higheſt rate:
Whate'er the *Fools* pretend, the jugling Feat
Is plainly ſeen, 'tis to grow Rich and Great;
To Rule and *Perſecute*, juſt as they pleaſe,
The People's Grievance, and the Land's Diſeaſe.
May ſuch live ſtill, but live in fear and Pain,
And ne'er dare make *Experiments* again,
For Tacking Prieſts *are* Pulpit Fools *in Grain.*
Degenerate *England*, ſlave to mighty Pelf:
Degenerate *England*, ſtranger to thy ſelf:
Are theſe thy *Tacking Guides*, thy *Pulpit Sage?*
Sure if they are, they Doat with Gold and Age.
There was, alas! there was a Time when we
Eſteem'd our *Lives below* our *Liberty*;
When if our *dying Country* we cou'd ſave,
We'd ſung on Tombs, and Triumph'd on the Grave.

Thoſe

Thoſe noble Actions long ago were done;
The Slaves are living, and the Heroes gone:
By theſe blind Guides, the *Tackers* are miſled,
They ſo believe, becauſe they ſo were bred.
The *Prieſt* continues what the *Nurſe* began,
And thus the Child impoſes on the Man;
Who Tacks and Re-tacks to his former ſpan,

Having told how *Pulpit Fools* do Tack the *State*,
I'll ſhew how in the *Church* they Tack of late;
I'll inſtance here in the *Occaſional Man*,
The other *Tacking Fools*, I'll laſh anon.
This *Tacking Fool*, preach'd in a Loyal Mood,
But not his Cant, or Railing's underſtood;
For all his Matter's ſpread ſo very thin,
That ſcarce a *Proof*, or *Reaſon* can be ſeen;
His *Inference* is always running o'er
With too much Light, which blinds our Eyes the more;
He oft confines his Sermon to a few,
And the poor *Whiggs* does *Jehu*-like purſue;
(Yes, *Foe*, he takes *the Shorteſt Way with you:*)
His Work is Peace and Love —— But, *Tacking* Sir,
On ev'ry Text you hunt Jack Presbyter;
Scarce *Bates* can 'ſcape your Fooliſh, Antick Leer.
To o'ercome Ev'l (*a*) in Fanatick Breaſt,
With making Faces, is a perfect Jeſt;
Such Pulpit Fooling, *all Wiſe Men deteſt.*
To ſay the *Whigs*, *in Holes and Corners Preach*,
When 'tis by *publick Laws* Diſſenters Teach;

(*a*) Rom. xii. 21.

Is a bold Lye; yet worſe did he invent,
Who ſaid Diſſenters ſlight the Sacrament:
The timorous *Pulpit* has been very nice,
And mighty *ſhy* in reprehending Vice;
All but the *Whiggs* (the *Tackers* ſay) are *Wiſe.*
Such Lyes as theſe wou'd pleaſe *Hells Theater,* (a)
But prove J—— T—— a *Fooliſh Pulpiteer;*
T—— ſtick to Truth, as Heav'n does adviſe,
Truth only in a Sermon Edifies.
The *Railing Fool,* may ſome high *Jacks* content,
But he ſo *Tacks* the *Church* to what he meant,
That they return no wiſer than they went.

There's other *Pulpit Fools,* I might detect,
Who think they *Preach,* if they can but *Collect;*
Ev'n in *Collections* too, they're at a Loſs;
Where Gold is plenty, they preſent you Droſs:
All this is Fool; 'tis not a Preacher's part
To pleaſe the Mind, unleſs he ſtrike the Heart.

To this *Collecting Fool,* I'll add another,
A Pulpit Fool, and this Collector's Brother:
'Tis him, who when ſome Novel Thoughts aroſe,
Wou'd his wild Fancies, for ſound Faith impoſe;
Theſe *Pulpit Fools* ſo very head-ſtrong are,
As to make Faith, *a Caſtle in the Air:*
And if you doubt ſuch Myſteries as theſe,
He'll try to prove the Moon a *Groaning Cheeſe;*
Or any thing, if you'll but give him Fees:

(a) The *Play-Houſe,*

His daring Thoughts in ſuch *New Channels* run,
He'll almoſt find, *a ſecond Riſing-Sun*;
Whores he'll prove Chaſt, and Theft a pious Thing,
If they leave Gold to ſanctifie the Sin.
Speak well of *Balch!* (*a*) ne'er let your Malice reak,
He'll make him Saint, let but his Angels ſpeak; (*b*)
Nay, he's ſo witty, daring, kind, and civil,
Pay for the Speech, and he ſhall praiſe the Devil;

(*a*) This *Balch*, liv'd in *Spittle Fields*, and died that *Minute* he was ſigning a Warrant for that truly Charitable and Famous Divine, Dr. *Samuel Anneſly*.

(*b*) The Reverend Mr. *Stubbs*, in the Sermon which he preach'd at Mr. *Thomas Right*'s Funeral, has theſe Expreſſions: *If any here expect I ſhould have ſaid more of him, I muſt plainly tell them I have ſaid enough; I don't ſay too much, becauſe 'tis no more than what I am perſuaded is true; but as ſhort account of him as this may be thought, I am ſure 'tis far larger, and much fitter for this Place, than a tedious heap of fooliſh fulſom, falſe daubings; (the too common Entertainment in many ſuch Diſcourſes as this) which, whilſt they are made for every body, do indeed fit no body; and what a Reputation it is for a Man to have a multitude of very fine Things ſaid over him, and not one word true, it may be, let any one judge.*

The Detriment he may perchance bring to our moſt holy Profeſſion, is ſcandalouſly notorious: As firſt an Atheiſt or Deiſt, for Inſtance, who ſeldom looks into a Place of Worſhip, but in compliance to Cuſtom and Civility on ſuch Emergencies as theſe, hearing the Man in the Pulpit, who ſhould ſpeak as the Oracles of God, canonizing a known Debauchee, one of his Lewd Companions poſſibly for a Saint, dubbing a Rebel a Martyr, extolling a grand Hypocrite as a Penitent of Note, or deſcribing a wretched Miſer, as the moſt liberal Perſon, or the like, is confirm'd in his Obſtinacy, damns all Religion as Craft and Cheat, and Prieſts of all Perſwaſions for a mercinary Tribe.

Thus the Reverend Mr. *Stubbs* having obſerv'd the Abuſe of Funeral Sermons, was reſolv'd not to proſtitute the Pulpit to the baſeſt Flattery; but he tells us there are Clergy-men that like Heralds from Heaven (or from Hell rather) for a ſmall Reward of Iniquity, will praiſe ſuch men who deſerv'd to have been thruſt out of the World with the moſt ſignal marks of Ignominy and Diſhonour. If men who have liv'd a vicious Life can (*when the corrupting Angels appear, as hinted in the Poem*) be Sainted at their Death, 'tis clear, whenever our Reformation is general, it muſt take in even *the Pulpit* as well as the *Stage*; for as the *Stage* is the place where Vice is acted, ſo when Libertines (ſuch as *Balch*) are canoniz'd, the *Pulpit* is the Place where Iniquity is prais'd, and often does more hurt to the Hearers, than all the Divinity in it cou'd do good. 'Tis certain (as Mr. *Stubbs* obſerves), *this modiſh way of finiſhing Funeral Diſcourſes, does not tend leſs to the promotion of Vice, than to the diſcouragement of Vertue.* But ſince Covetouſneſs has crept under the Cloak and Circingle (where it ſhou'd bluſh to appear) how common is it for men to be prais'd, according as it beſt ſuits with the Reputation or Humour of the rich Widow, or the young Heir; but bleſſed be God, there be many *Clergy-men* (both Church-men and Diſſenters) of ſuch a juſt Principle, that even money can't tempt 'em to ſay or do a diſhonourable thing; and in particular, I take the Author of Mr. *Right*'s *Funeral Sermon* to be ſuch a Perſon, and therefore do heartily recommend my Reader to the peruſal of it, as the moſt likely means to *Reform the Abuſe of Funeral Sermons*, and to baniſh that *Flattering Devil* that has dar'd to enter into the *Pulpit*.

Such

Such *Fools* as these do all their Credit kill,
By Preaching very well, and living ill:
With a Grimace, these Truths do over act,
But shew *the Fool*, in being thus exact.
'I'd in the middle Path of Christians fall
'Twixt doubting nothing, and suspecting all;
But this Wise Fool can praise a very *Saul*.
These are the Rocks on which those *Levites* split,
Who stain the Pulpit with Romantick *Wit:*
Oh Parson! Who do you design to please,
With such deceitful witty Pains as these!

Thus far of *Pulpit Fools* in general:
But, *Boon Courage*, for now the Muse does fall,
To name the *Fools, and lash both great and small:*
And here the *Magpye-Fool* shou'd lead the way,
He only chatters, is a Bird of Prey;
But the *Wise Bishop*, all good Men obey.
Episcopacy is ordain'd by Heav'n,
And all *Wise Bishops* are in Mercy given;
I mean such who now fill the *English Sees*,
Who are truly Pious, Learned, Grave and Wise,
Fathers in God; and none can higher rise.
These all do Christ in Life and Heart profess;
So feed their *Flocks*, and guard each Diocess,
That shou'd the *Romish Wolves* again pursue,
They wou'd (*with London*) put on *Jack Boots* too;
These *Pulpit Champions*, wou'd the Church maintain,
Against the Guns of *Rome*, of *France* and *Spain*;

Then

Then never fear the Churches Danger here,
" *When Reverend Fathers can in Arms appear,*
" *And Men of God become the Men of War.*
No, I aſſert (what no Man can deny)
Jack Boots (in Lawn) gain double Victory. (a)
By *Magpy-Fool*, I therefore only mean,
Such who are Idle, Popiſh, and Unclean;
Who ſtain their *Lawn* with Actions that are *black*,
Who were the Dev'l King, wou'd cringe and Tack;
Paradoxick-Mags, whoſe very white is Dark:
Theſe Fools (like ſimple *Land*) ſo nicely launch,
They'd loſe a Church, before a uſeleſs Branch:
Such *Mags* as theſe will ever paſs for Fools,
They are not Biſhops, but devouring Wolves; (b)
They're a *Dead Weight*, and break all Sacred Rules.
Theſe *Angels* of the Church did ſoar ſo high,
Like *Lucifer* they loſt their Hierarchy,
For Cartwright *fled, and* Laud *did plot and die;*
To all new Faſhions, theſe their Zeal tranſlate,
And Diſcipline the Church by Rules of State.
Their Popiſh *Whimſies*, did the Truth invade,
And Laud's *Inventions, Grounds of Faith were made;*
One Ceremony did another fend,
Nor did *Will Worſhip* know a bound, or end.
Their *Canons* were as various as the Winds;
Nay, (which is more) unconſtant as their Minds;

(a) *Viz.* O'er Soul and Body.

(b) The *Bloody Biſhops (during the Marian Perſecution)* were Spiritual Devils in Fleſh and Blood, Paſtors without Care, and Fathers without Bowels, whoſe Religion was Blood and Deſtruction, their Devotion Cruelty and Murder. *Smithie's Coffee-Houſe Preachers*, p. 4.

These *Fooliſh Maggs* did both at laſt become,
(Choak'd with their great Revenues) blind and Dumb.
The *Fools* did hold it an extream Diſgrace,
To execute the Office of their Place,
Then en't ſuch *Magpyes* in a helliſh Caſe?
Well ſaid a *Fool (a)* who does a Biſhop fear,
May fly t' a Pulpit, for he'll not come there,
For when did *Land* or *Cartwright* there appear?
These *Magpy-Fools* in Cloſets wou'd receive
Any Impreſſion, the *Court-Seal* wou'd give;
They fill'd a *See*, but were unfit to Rule;
Made only *Great*, to be made more a *Tool*;
Like Weather-cocks, on Churches tops they ſtood,
To over-ſee them, not to do them good:
Yet being *Lords*, they fain wou'd higher be,
And gild their Lordſhips with a Deity;
But being Fools, pray where's their Dignity?
These *Magpy-Fools* at laſt, had got a Trick,
(As if their Sermons had been Lunatick)
To Preach by th' Moon, ſome but at Quarter-day,
And then their Texts were Summons to their Pay:
Some were ſo *coſtive*, they requir'd a Year,
And when the *Lawn* appear'd, perhaps you'd hear
To the amazement o'th' expecting Houſe,
The groaning Hill deliver'd of a Mouſe;
While theſe *great Fools* did wallow in their Store,
Thoſe Reverend Souls that all the Hardſhip bore
Cou'd hardly get, by their continu'd Pain,
Enough to keep a Dog, a Cat, or Man:

(a) *Archee*, a Jeſter to King *Charles the Firſt.*

Well

If Sacriledge to ſteal from Churches be,
What's he that ſteals a *Church*, nay Sixty Three, (*a*)
Well did a Herauld their baſe Nature note,
That gave a Wolf's-head to them for a *Coat*,
Swallowing a Church, the Steeple ſtuck in's Throat.
Will any ſay, that ſuch e'n't *Magpy-Fools*,
Whoſe care of Bodies, choaks their care of Souls;
Who more adore a *Coach* than holy Rules.
The *Magpy-Fools* are all to eaſe inclin'd,
They ſtudy to pamper their luxurious Mind;
But ſtarve their *Souls*, and ſlight their *Sunday-call*,
Their Golden Number en't Dominical;
So that it is become a common Speech,
The way to ſpoil a Prieſt's to make him Rich.
The *Magpy-Fools*, they are a ſort of Devil,
They *VISIT*, but 'tis to tempt to Evil,
Like *Cartwright* and *Wren*, they're Leud, and moſt Uncivil:
Their Lives confute their Doctrines, for they ſtrove,
Which moſt ſhou'd act the Sins they did Reprove:
That one wou'd think, that whatſoe'er they ſay,
Were to be done the clean contrary way.
Theſe are *right Magpy-Fools*, for if you Note,
Their colour's *Black and White*, and all Men thought,
Their Words and Deeds, differ juſt like their *Coat:*
Alas poor Mag! a Cup of Sack for Mag;
Mag, Mag's a Fool, then let no *Magpy* brag;
A mitred Fool that's *double dy'd* ('tis ſaid)
And if he durſt *won'd turn his White and Black, to Red*, (*b*)

Where

(*a*) A whole *Dioceſs* is here meant. (*b*) No Man can queſtion this, (or doubt my giving *Laud and Wren*, &c. The true Character thoſe *Popiſh Magpyes* deſerv'd) that reads

Where ſuch *Preſide, the Church does Danger ſee,*
But from ſuch *Maggs, Great Britain* now is free;
'Tis well it is, for 'tis the *Tackers* Bliſs,
To blaze their *Spiritual Fathers* Nakedneſs.

Sir Harbottle Grimſton's Speech upon Arch-biſhop *Laud's* Impeachment in 1641. which you will find Printed in the *continuation of* Ruſhworth's *Collections.*

We are (ſaith he) *fallen upon the great man, the Arch-biſhop of* Canterbury; *look upon him as he is in his Highneſs, and he is the Sty of all Peſtilent Filth, that hath infected the State and Government of the Church and Common-wealth; look upon him in his Dependencies, and he is the man, the only man that hath raiſed and advanced all thoſe that (together with himſelf) have been the Authors and Cauſers of all the Ruins, Miſeries and Calamities we now groan under.*

Who is it but he only, that brought in the Earl of Strafford, *a fit Inſtrument and Spirit to act and execute all his wicked and bloody Deſigns in theſe Kingdoms?*

Who is it but he only that brought in Secretary Windebank, *the very Broker and Pander to the Whore of* Babylon?

Who is it but he only that hath advanc'd Biſhop Manwaring, *the Biſhop of* Bath *and* Wells, *the Biſhop of* Oxford, *and Biſhop* Wren, *the leaſt of all, but the moſt unclean one?*

Theſe are men that ſhou'd have fed Chriſt's Flock, but they are the Wolves that devoured them: It was the happineſs of our Church, when the Zeal of God's Houſe did eat up the Biſhops, glorious and brave Martyrs that went to the Stake, in the Defence of the Proteſtant Religion; but the Zeal of theſe Biſhops hath been to eat up and proſecute the Church. He hath been and is the common Enemy to all goodneſs, and good men.

If any man ſhall yet doubt whether Arch-biſhop *Laud* was a Papiſt in his Heart (that is, a *Magpy-Fool*) let him read the Story of *Laud's* ſending the *Scots Common-Prayer* to be approved by the Pope and Cardinals, as he'll find it in a Book of good credit, intituled, *A new Survey of the* Weſt Indies; wrote by a Reverend Divine of the Church of *England*, Mr. *Thomas* Gage; 'tis in Page 280, in the Folio Impreſſion, he there tells you, *That being a Fryar, he went to* Rome *with Letters of Recommendation to Cardinal* Barbarini *the Pope's Nephew, intituled,* The Protector of *England*; *that coming acquainted with Father* Fitz-Herbert, *Rector of the Engliſh Colledge of* Jeſuits, *he highly prais'd Arch-biſhop* Laud, *and ſaid, That he not long ſince ſent a Common-Prayer Book (which he had compoſed for the Church of* Scotland) *to be firſt viewed and approved by the Pope and Cardinals, and that they liked it very well for Proteſtants to be train'd up in a Form of Prayer and Service, yet the Cardinals (firſt giving him Thanks for his Reſpect) ſent him word, that they thought it was not fitting for* Scotland. *That Father* Fitz-Herbert *told him he was witneſs of all this, being ſent for by the Cardinal to give them his Opinion about it, and of the Temper of the* Scots; *and that* Laud *hearing of the cenſure of the Cardinals, concerning his Intention and Form of Prayer, to ingratiate himſelf the more in their Favour, corrected ſome things in it, and made it more harſh and unreaſonable for that Nation.*

This good man, Mr. *Gage*, after he had there related the Matter as above, expreſſes himſelf thus, *This moſt true Relation of Arch-biſhop* Laud, *I have oft ſpoke of in private Diſcourſe, and publickly in Preaching, and I cou'd not in Conſcience omit it here, both to vindicate the juſt cenſure of Death, which the Parliament gave againſt him, and to reprove the ungrounded Opinion and Error of ſome Ignorant Spirits, who have, ſince his Death, highly exalted and cried him up for a Martyr.*

The *Magpy-Fools* being gaz'd at first, and checkt,
(As 'twas their due) for *Titles* claim Reſpect;
The *Pulpit-Fool* that next does want advice,
Is *H*—— to whom this Poem owes its Riſe;
(Had he ne'er left poor *Teague*, he had been Wiſe.)
But he with *Zeal* (but ſuch as made him blind)
Left the Tripe-Club and Iriſh Church behind. (*a*)
That Church which they, when *Maudlin*, vow'd to ſerve,
And in their Cups ſwore *D*——*'em* to preſerve;
To ſtruggle vainly with enervate Spite,
And by *Itinerary Sermon* (*b*) ſet us Right.
A Sermon fill'd with nought but brooding Ills
(*For Pulpit Fools are teeming in their Vice*)
The Churches Danger he cou'd dwell upon't,
Sworn to miſlead, whatever harm comes on't;

(*a*) Mr. *H*—— was no ſooner arriv'd in this *Metropolis*, but he took care to diſtinguiſh himſelf, as a Perſon notoriouſly *Diſaffected* to her Majeſty's Government, by the Company he kept, the Places he frequented, and the Diſcourſes he either raiſed, or kept up againſt the Government; for *whatever began the Chat, that the Church was in Danger, concluded it.* Inſomuch, that he paſs'd among the *froward Herd*, for a Man of a deep Reach, a penetrating Judgment, and a couragious *Champion* for the Church of *England*.

Having thus, for ſome time, exercis'd his Talent in private Cabals, and the *Tatling Houſes* of the Town, and like a true ſelf-deſigning Sophiſter, proſtituted the Venerable Name of the Church *to the Service of a Party*; he took up a Reſolution to affront the Government in a more publick manner; and, indeed, ſome are of Opinion, that next to enriching *himſelf at his Wife's coſt*, and ſecuring himſelf from the Storm that he ſaw hanging over his Head in *Ireland*, and ready to fall upon him; that ſetting up himſelf as an avowed Enemy to her Majeſty's Government, *in order to be the Head of a Faction*, was his great, if not only buſineſs in *England*; and that which led them into this Perſwaſion, was, that Mr *H*—— was one of the Chiefs, or Leading Members of the *Tripe-Club*, that frequently met at the *Swan Tavern* in *Dublin*, and entertain'd one another, (after the *Tripes* and *Nuggets* were devour'd) with frightful Scenes of imaginary Dangers that were falling upon the Church, and bold Invectives againſt their Superiors in Church and State, that could not act or think as unreaſonably and diſloyally as themſelves.—*Anſwer to his Sermon*, p. 4, 5.

(*b*) Mr. *H*—— being furniſh'd with a large ſtock of *Aſſurance*, and an *Itinerary Sermon*, the next News we heard of him was from the Pulpit at *New*-Chappel in *Weſtminſter*.—*Anſwer to his Sermon*, p. 5.

And as I once a *Hieroglyphick* ſaw,
Where the feign'd Artiſt did a Monarch draw
Driving a Nail, the point towards him full,
Into a Wainſcoat with his naked Scull,
The *Motto* being, *Tho' my Brain lies bare,*
And Pate be maſh'd, yet ſtill it ſhall go there.
So *Hig*—— tho' ne'er ſo difficult it ſeem,
Reſolves to drive the Tenter through the Beam,
And ſtill the Churches Danger is the Theme:
He'd Preach up Diſcord, and divide our Pow'rs,
Were the *French* Army drumming at our Doors;
View but the *Rambles* of this Pulpiteer,
From *Cripple-gate*, as far as *Weſtminſter*,
He beg'd a Pulpit to proclaim a War.
The Churches Danger——firſt at *Cripple-gate*,
He nibled at, juſt like a *Pulpit Rat:*
A *Pulpit Droll*, his Speech was ſuch a *Farce*,
That Dogget *acts a better, never worſe.*
Such Fools as theſe do always Preach and Pray,
As if they had Commiſſions of *ARRAT*
From Heaven to make Men Fight; they cry *Arms, Arms*;
Whate'er's the Text, the *Uſes* are *Alarms.*
Tho' they ſeem Pale, like Envy to our view,
Their very Prayers are of a Sanguine Hew;
And though they've *Jacob*'s Voice, yet we do find,
They've *Eſau*'s Hands, (nay more) they've *Eſau*'s Mind;
Their empty Heads are *Drums*, their Noſes are
In Sound and Faſhion, *Trumpets* to the War;
Theſe Fire-brands of Hell, and Curſt Sedition,
Are Emiſſaries to encreaſe Diviſion;

Theſe

Theſe make God's Word their Pander, to attain
The fond Devices of their Factious Brain;
Like Beacons being ſet themſelves on Fire;
In other Men they Danger do inſpire;
In this beyond the Devil himſelf they go,
He *ſow'd* by Night, they in the Day-time *ſow;*
He while the Servant ſlept, did ſow his Tares,
They in the very Temple ſcatter Theirs;
They've Tongue-ty'd Truth, and *Hig*— they make the Glaſs,
Where every Pulpit Fool may ſee his Face.
H— (whoſe Picture this is) did ſcatter Tares,
(I wou'd not ſay't, but that I truſt my Ears)
In Cripple-gate, where not one Tacker hears.
His Text exhorting Men to mortify,
And ſtrengthen what remains, that elſe wou'd die; (a)
Was fit for *Leut*, and ev'ry Sinners ſtation,
Had not the Devil been in's *Application.*
The Text being nam'd, the *Pulpit Fool begins,*
Whilſt the *Good Pulpit* groans for *H*——'s Sins,
Sins— which in number many, tho' they be,
And crying ones, are yet leſs loud than he,
His thundering Voice *Sedition* ſpreads afar,
Nor does he only teach, but alſ a War.
He Sweats againſt the Biſhops, State and Senſe,
As if he'd gain all Hell by Violence.
Next to the Court he comes, talks an *Alarm,*
And at the Royal Party flings his Arm;
Defies the Queen, and thinks the Pulpit full
As ſafe a place for't, as the Knight does *Hull.*

(a) Rev. iii. v. 1, 2.

What

What though no *Magazine* laid in there be;
Scarce all their Guns can make more Noiſe than he;
Dangers he talks of, Whiggiſh Plots and Fears,
The Liſtening Saints ſhake their abuſed Ears,
'Till Time, long Time, (which doth conſume and waſte,
All things) to an End this *Farce* did bring at laſt.
Is this Man Wiſe? No, he is but a Tool,
And puts his Eyes out to be made a Fool:
A Pulpit Fool, (that's Bigot, K——, and Clown)
A Scandal to Religion and his Gown; (*a*)
Here ſee the *Braſs* of a right Tacking Prieſt,
For tho' he's ſeiz'd, and for his Sermon hiſs'd;
Yet being loos'd, he ask'd to Preach again,
In the ſame Pulpit (*b*) *where he beat for Men,*
For Hig—— *is but the Tackers Kettle-Drum.*

(*a*) When we ſeriouſly conſider that the great Deſigns of her Sacred Majeſty, ever ſince her happy Acceſſion to the Crown of *England*, has been to render all her People *Eaſy*, *Safe*, and *Happy*, as well in their Religious as Temporal Concerns; it's no leſs amazing than horrible, to think there ſhou'd be any ſuch vile and ungrateful Men found among us, as make it their whole Employment to foment Animoſities and Diviſions among her Majeſties Subjects; by maliciouſly ſuggeſting unreaſonable and groundleſs Jealouſies, *That the Church of* England, *as by Law Eſtabliſh'd, is in Danger, under her Majeſty's Wiſe and Juſt Adminiſtration*; when her celebrated Piety, ſteady Zeal for it, and unexemplary Bounty and Munificence to it, is known and admired by all the World. But that which raiſes our Admiration even to Aſtoniſhment, and renders it matter of Grief, as well as abhorrence, is, that theſe *falſe Fears* ſhould be induſtriouſly divulged and ſpread, by any of the Sacred Function; and that the Miniſters of the Goſpel of *Peace*, ſhould, to the *Scandal* of Religion, and Reproach of the Gown, turn *Incendiaries*, and inſtead of inſtilling into the People's Minds, the true Principles of Religion and Loyalty, which has always been the Glory and Character of the Church of *England*, ſhould now be the Authors and Promoters of *Scandal*, *Sedition*, and *Diſcord*.

And yet, however ſtrange and unaccountable it is, yet we ſee it's no new thing to find *Wolves in Sheeps Cloathing*, and profeſs'd Enemies to *Church* and *State*, hid under *Canonical* Veſtments, that with more eaſe, and leſs ſuſpicion, they might ſeduce her Majeſty's *Subjects* from their Duty and Obedience, and encreaſe the number of a Peeviſh, Diſaffected and Ungovernable Faction.

This has been very lately too notoriouſly exemplified, in the Perſon and Practice of Mr. *H*——, a Native of the Kingdom of *Ireland*, and a Prieſt in holy Orders.—*Anſwer to his Sermon*, p. 3, 4. *Sold by* J. Morphew, *near* Stationer's-Hall.

(*b*) Viz. *Cripple-gate.*

But

But the *Good Biſhop* wou'd not let him come
A ſecond time into his Garriſon, (*a*)
To prate of Dangers that were paſt and gone.
In every thing his Inſolence appears (*b*)
But moſt in toſſing of his Head and Ears,
Which as he talks he Picks, elſe nothing comes,
From this *Church-Hector*, but ſome dang'rous Hums;
His Memory being ne'er fit to diſcloſe,
His Senſe, till he has prob'd his Ears and Noſe;
Then with *fag-ends* of News and Prodigies,
In State Affairs, which are indeed all *Lyes*,
He makes, then calls, his honeſt-hearers Spies. (*c*)
The Harangue begins, but, ere ten Words are ſaid,
The Motion varies, and with *Jerking Head*
Wou'd by a Stranger well believ'd to be,
A piece of Clock-work fram'd by Geometry;
The Man does Preach, but 'tis ſo very Ill,
'Twou'd lay a Scandal on the Almighty Skill;

(*a*) Pulpit is here meant.

(*b*) Mr. *H*—— appearing before his Grace the Lord Arch-biſhop of *Canterbury*, his Grace deſir'd to ſee Mr. *H*———'s Notes, which he peremptorily refuſed to produce: Whereupon his Grace modeſtly Reprimanded him, for the liberty he had taken, contrary to the expreſs Words of her Majeſty's *Royal Proclamation*, and admoniſh'd him to behave himſelf more decently and dutifully to her Majeſty, and his Superiors, for the future: But Mr. *H*———ſo abounded in his own Senſe, that he grew Inſolent; juſtify'd all he had deliver'd from the Pulpit, and utterly forgot the Duty, Reverence and Reſpect, that he ow'd to his Grace of *Canterbury*, as his *Metropolitan*.

But how is good Advice thrown away upon obſtinate Offenders. This mild Uſage was ſo far from Reclaiming him, that he reſolv'd, as he was pleas'd to expreſs himſelf in a Scripture Dialect, *to be yet more vile*, and accordingly Preach'd the ſame *Sermon* the *Sunday* following at St. *Clements Danes*, afterwards at St. *George's* Chappel in *Ormond-Street*, and after that, by Report, in St. *Anne's* Church, in the Precincts of *Weſtminſter*, and at the Pariſh Church of *White-Chappel*. Growing ſtill more bold and hardy by *Impunity*, and being wonderfully fond of a *Seditious* Diſcourſe, and the Vanity of being followed from place to place, by ſome that admir'd his Courage, and others his *Confidence*, he found a Nice way of affronting the *Court* to its very Face, by introducing himſelf, and the ſame Sermon, into the Pulpit at *White-Hall* on *Aſh-Wedneſday* laſt paſt, *Febr.* 26, 1706-7. *Anſwer to his Sermon*. p. 5, 6. (*c*) He told his Hearers at *Cripple-gate*, That many came to Church only as Spies, *&c.*

To

To have it thought the Work of Providence,
Cou'd make a Tongue to ſpeak ſo little Senſe;
For as in Schools I oft have ſeen a wretch,
Plagu'd with an Imperfection in his Speech,
The more he ſtrove to make his Notions good,
The leſs he found his Jargons underſtood.
So *Hig*—— the more he chatters to his Friends,
The leſs the Hearer knows what he intends;
For Pulpit-Fools will never have their Ends.
He's a meer *Bigot*, without Wit or Art,
He wou'd, but cannot Act the Plotting Part;
He, with his thick *impenetrable* Scull,
(The ſolid, hardened Armour of a Fool)
Well might himſelf to Pillories expoſe,
Who (come what will, yet) has no Brains to loſe:
He was o'th' the *common Standard* (*a*) whilſt at School,
And now in ev'ry Senſe a Pulpit Fool.
But ſuch as *H*—— Men of little Senſe,
Think they to Wiſdom have the ſole Pretence;
And that thoſe wretches who in *Bedlam* are,
Deſerve it leſs than thoſe who put 'em there:
A Poring Block-head, ſwoll'n with the Name,
Of a Learn'd Man, big with his Claſſick Fame;
A thouſand Books, read o'er and o'er again,
Does word for word moſt perfectly retain,
Heap'd in the *Lumber-Office* of his Brain.

(*a*) Some eminent Men, it's true, have gained fat Benefits for *Deſerting* a Party, and ſilencing their Pens; but that practice has been ſo long exploded and laid aſide, that Mr. *H*—— being at beſt, in reſpect of his Parts and Intereſt, but of the [*Common Standard*] had very little reaſon to expect Preferment by reviling and ſlandering the Government; which makes it the greater wonder, ſeeing *he wants Preferment*, that he ſhould make himſelf the Tool and Drudge of a diſaffected ſcandalous Faction.—*Anſwer to his Sermon*, p. 7.

Yet

Yet this cramm'd Scull, this indigeſted Maſs,
Does very often prove an errant *A*——
(*Juſt ſuch another Fool as* H—— *was*)
He thinks all Virtue to his ſide confin'd,
That Railing only can inform the Mind;
That Church muſt err, and Parſon ramble wide,
If Saint *L'eſtrange* be not his *Rule* and *Guide*,
For he was Tutor to the *Tory* Tribe.

While on the other Hand, a fluttering thing
With a long Wig, and three-pil'd Cravat String;
Whoſe Life's a Viſit —— who alone takes care,
To ſay fine Things, write Songs, and Court the Fair;
Laughs at the muſty Precepts of the School,
Calls the Learn'd Writer an *Authentick Fool*;
Swears that all Learning is a thing unfit,
A well-bred Perſon, or a Man of Wit;
(Names proper to the empty Sparks o'th' Town)
And damns the Parſon to his Colledge Gown.
Theſe both are Fools, for both of them believe,
Their bantering Zeal can Heav'n itſelf deceive;
Theſe both reſemble *Hig*—— in their Mind,
For he like theſe does damn all Humane kind,
Except they are to *Jacks*, that's *H*—— inclin'd:
But who's ſo wiſe to know his own Condition,
H—— for all this, is a Politician.
Ambitious to be thought a DON of Senſe,
In ſpight of Nature, or of Providence.

Buſie in Sects, in Self-opinion ſtrong,
And in with *Tackers*, whether right or wrong;
Ready at Slander, diligent to do,
Whate'er his *Dublin-Maſters* prompt him too;
Yet by his Party turn'd to Ridicule,
They his Projectors are, and he their *Fool*:
Yet Fate it ſeems brought *H*——— to the van,
And made him proud to be the leading Man;
In Preaching *Dangers*, and ſuch Idle Fears,
As are a perfect Jeſt to thinking Ears:
And thus poor Teague *has loſt his Dignity*,
To get himſelf the Name of *Raparee*;
And ſince the State has ſeiz'd this *Popiſh Tool* (a)
May he be kept in Priſon, or at School,
'Till he does own he was a *Pulpit-Fool*.

The Pulpit Fool, that next does bear the Bell,
You may beſure is MAD *S*———

(a) Her Majeſty in her Royal Proclamation, is pleas'd to Notify, * 'That 'whereas of late ſeveral Perſons endeavouring to foment Ani- 'moſities, and to cover Deſigns which they dare not publickly 'own, have Falſly, Seditiouſly, and Maliciouſly, ſuggeſted the 'Church of *England*, as by Law Eſtabliſh'd, to be in Danger 'at this time, *&c.* And whereas the Lords Spiritual and Tem- 'poral, and Commons in Parliament Aſſembled, *&c.* have humbly beſought Us 'to take effectual meaſures, for puniſhing the Authors and Spreaders of theſe 'Seditious and Scandalous Reports, to the end that all others may, for the fu- 'ture, be deterr'd from endeavouring to diſtract the Kingdom with ſuch un- 'reaſonable and groundleſs Diſtruſts and Jealouſies. We therefore at their hum- 'ble Requeſt, *&c.* And by the Advice of our Privy-Council, declare, That we 'will proceed with the utmoſt Severity the Law ſhall allow of, againſt the Authors 'and Spreaders of the ſaid Seditious and Scandalous Reports: And do hereby 'ſtrictly Charge and Command all our Judges, Juſtices of the Peace, *&c.* to 'take effectual Care for the ſpeedy Apprehenſion, Proſecution and Puniſhment of 'all ſuch Perſons who have, or ſhall at any time hereafter, offend herein, *&c.*

In Obedience to this Proclamation, and the Law in ſuch Caſes, provided, *Mr.* H——— *was taken into the Cuſtody of one of her Majeſty's Meſſengers in Ordinary*, February 28. 1706-7, *by Vertue of a Warrant from her Majeſty's Principle Secretary of State*—Anſwer to his Sermon, *p.* 14, 15.

* *Dec.* 20. 1705 Vid. *the Proclamation at large.*

He

He has a Popiſh Look, a burning Air,
And at Diſſenters does ſo Grin and Lear
As if to Preach (with him) was but to ſtare.
This Fiery Mad cap, is the Oracle,
To awe the *Tacking* Sons of *Rome* and Hell.
Palmer has ſhewn this Man his foul Miſtake, (*a*)
And he does gore the Whigs for Palmer's *ſake*;
He thinks a *Whig* of Senſe not fit to live,
For he'll as ſoon Repent, as he'll Forgive,
But *Palmer*'s Charge he never can retrieve
The Queen *UNITES*, and ſtill does Peace deſire,
This makes him *Rail*, and ſet himſelf on fire,
For he's the *Pulpit Fool* the *Jacks* admire.
The Duty he pays unto our *Royal Mother*,
In his abuſive Weather-cock (*b*) diſcover
For *S*—— (oh ſenſeleſs, Traiterous, impudent Mock,
Fixt (*Semper Eadem*) on the Weathercock.
And for his *Love* to *Popiſh Novelties*,
We may believe him, for his Words are theſe,
'*I'll here the Glories and the Praiſes ſing*,
'*Of* James *that is, and* James *that ſhall be King.* (*c*)
He Loves no Diſſenter, nor Women, nor Wine,
But any Religion if in the Right Line.
Yet hold, my *MUSE*, draw thy *Satyrick Rein*,
For on my Conſcience, honeſt in the Main,

(*a*) In his Book intituled, *A Vindication of the Religion, Loyalty and Morals of the Diſſenters.*
(*b*) Erected at *Oxford* about two Years ago.
(*c*) In his *Poem* upon the *Sham-Prince of Wales*, are theſe two Lines, or Words to this effect, for I han't the Poem by me.

S——is, as any can appear,
Who does the Churches Danger Seek and Fear;
'Tho' there's a Maxim, by the Learn'd held good,
That *Cowards* can't be honeſt if they wou'd.
In ſhort, *S*—— does not Preach by Rule,
For Peace and Love is the good Levites School,
But he does Rail, that's, is a *Pulpit-Fool*.
A Whig, he hates the Name, and is ſo Civil,
He'd ſooner love and hug the very Devil:
Such flaming Envy in each Feature was
As if his fiery Soul had burnt his Face,
And given the World a Pattern to reveal
The ſtigmatiz'd effects of *Scalding Zeal*;
Nay, cou'd that famous Matron that to *Saul*
Appear'd of Old, to obey his impious Call,
Plow'd with deep Wrinckles, and variety,
Of o'er-worn Nature's worſt Deformity;
With *Noſe* extended, and with *Eyes* ſunk in,
Parch'd Cheeks and Lips, and a worm-eaten Chin;
Riſe from her Tomb in all her uglieſt Dreſs,
Her Aſpect wou'd be beautiful to his;
If from his Soul a Man may gueſs at's Phiz.
For as I often upon *Hampſtead* Heath,
Have ſeen a Fellon long ſince put to Death;
Hang crackling in the Sun, his Parchment Skin,
That to his Ear had ſhrivel'd up his Chin;
With ſuch a Look, ſo gaſtly and ſo fierce,
He does Low-Church men and Diſſenters pierce,
Such an High-flying Pulpit Fool is this.

——— Thus

Thus his external Graces you have view'd,
Now ſee with how much Grace his Mind's endu'd;
And Note if Conſcience does inform his Will,
As much as *Sordid Paſſion* does his Zeal;
Soon his Pretence to Conſcience we can rout,
And in a *Bloody Sermon*, (*a*) find him out:
'Tis here the *Whigs* are worried like to Rogues,
As Saints of old in Bear-skins were by Dogs;
Which barbarous Act the *Romans* ſo abhor'd,
'Twas voted Murder, and the Blood reſtor'd;
If ſo (for *S*——— a *Short-way Preacher* was of late)
How is he ſtil'd within the Book of Fate?
If *Bigotry* be ſtuff by Learn'd Conſent,
Can he Preach well, that is a Maſter in't,
Nay more, that is a Pulpit-Fool in Print?

My Muſe to *Col*——*r* is now inclin'd,
To find a Fool in Body, Face, and Mind;
For as I on a Turnep have obſerv'd,
An aukward *Phiz* by *Clumſie Artiſt* carv'd,
The Symmetry incongruous and untrue,
And th' Noſe ſet on, as if 'twere with a Screw;
Even ſo in Colour, Feature, and in Fame,
Does *H*——— appear, ſo like 'twas thought the ſame:
View but his Face, and you muſt needs confeſs,
He has a ſour, brazen, frightful Phiz.
Furious, ſtaring, hirſite, Goggle-Ey'd,
Red Pimples, toping Noſe, and Mouth as wide:

(*a*) I hear mean the Aſſize *Sermon* he Preach'd at——which was little better then a Fooliſh Harangue to excite the Government to *Perſecute the Diſſenters.*

This

This horrid Figure, seems design'd by Nature,
To Fire the Pulpit with his Face and Matter.
But *H*—— appear to a more open view,
Which yet I must confess you need not do;
The labour to expose you I may save,
Thou stand'st upon thy own Records a K—— (*a*)
Condemn'd to live in thy Abusive Rhimes,
The Curse of ours, and Scoff of future Times.

The

(*a*) As a Proof of this (and of my other Charge against *H*—— in this Character) read the following Paper, intitul'd, — *The most humble Confession and Recantation of* H—— *Clerk. Publickly Made, Read, Sign'd and Seal'd in the Court of Arches; held before the Right Worshipful Sir* Richard Loyd, *Knight, and Doctor of Laws, &c. on* Friday *the* 27th *day of* June, *in the Year of our Lord*, 1684.

Whereas, I —— *Hosea Ahimsil* Clerk, *&c.* have at the promotion of the Right Reverend Father in God, *Henry*, by Divine permission, Lord Bishop of *London*, my Reverend Diocesan, *&c.* been rightly and duly proceeded against in this Court, for Solemnizing, or rather Prophaning of Marriages, between several Persons in my Parish-Church, clandestinely, without their Matrimonial Bannes being in their respective Parish-Churches first published, and denounced, or any License from Ecclesiastical Authority, being first had and obtained (though I made each couple pay 5 *s.* for such License) in contempt of the Law, and Canons and Constitutions Ecclesiastical, in that behalf provided, *&c.* And whereas, during the Dependance of the said Suit, I appeared several times in the said Court, and there demeaned myself with great *Impudence*, denying the Jurisdiction thereof, to the great affront of his Grace, the most Reverend Father in God, the Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*, *&c.* (whose Court it is) refusing to be uncovered, and to give that Respect and Reverence, which is justly due to the same, endeavouring by my *insolent and unmannerly Carriage and Behaviour there*, to put all the Affronts and the highest Contempts that I could, upon the said Court, and to expose it to the Scorn of the Rabble that attended me there. And moreover, whereas I have lately, in several Libellous Books and Pamphlets, by me Written and Published *&c.* Publish'd and Printed several *Scandalous, Erroneous*, and *Seditious Principles* against his most sacred Majesty, and Government Ecclesiastical, to the Violation of my Duty as a Subject and a Priest, in contempt of the Holy Church, and in Derogation of Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction and the Authority of the Bishops and Ecclesiastical Judges; by which means I have fomented and incited the Factious and Fanatical Party to Contemn the government of the Church, as by Law establish'd, and to persist in their Errors and Sedition, to the great disturbance of the Peace of this Church and Kingdom.

Now I, the said —— *Hosea Ahimsil* —— being truly and deeply sensible of the heinousness of my Crimes and offences herein, and being truly and heartily sorry for the same. And taking Shame to myself for having so highly offended Almighty God, the King's most Sacred Majesty, the holy Church, and been so Scandalous to my

The World may well forgive you all your ill,
For ev'ry Lye does prove your Pennance ſtill;
Falſly you fall into ſome dangerous Nooſe,
And then as meanly labour to get looſe.
I'd like to have left out your Poetry,
Deſpis'd by all, (almoſt) as well as me;
Sometimes you have ſome Humour, never Wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely hit;
'Tis under ſo much fulſom *Rubiſh* laid,
To find it out's the Cinder-womans Trade;
So very dull your *Prieſt-Craft* Works appear,
The wretched Texts deſerve no Comments here:
Where one *poor Thought*, ſometimes left all alone,
For a whole Page of Dulneſs to attone;
'Mongſt forty bad, one tolerable Line,
Without Expreſſion, Fancy, or Deſign.
This *Pulpit Fool*, with a Poetick Rage,
Strives to Reform the Vices of the Age,
Whilſt his *Crack'd Scull* ſhews all that has been ſaid,
Leaves marks on nothing but the Poets Head,
For all his Pamphlets now are verſify'd.

---

my Sacred Function, as a *Prieſt* in particular, and as a Chriſtian to all good *Peo*ple in general, do here openly, and in the Face of this Court, voluntarily, freely, and humbly ackhowledge and confeſs the heinouſneſs of my ſaid Crimes and Offenees, as alſo that the ſaid Court, hath moſt juſtly proceeded againſt me for the ſame, *&c.* And that all *People* may be ſatiſied of the truth and ſincerity of my Repentance for theſe my Crimes and Offences, I do now make it my humble requeſt to this Court, that this my Confeſſion and Recantation may be forthwith *Printed* and *Publiſhed*. In witneſs whereof I have hereunto ſet my Hand and Seal this 27*th* Day of *June*, in the Year of our Lord, 1684.

—— *H*——

This Confeſſion and Recantation was Read, Signed and Sealed, by the ſaid —— *H*—— in the Court, *&c.* as aforeſaid. —— *Ita Teſtor* Thomas Tyllot *Alnarius Depat.*

With

With horrid Clamours, and as dreadful Phiz,
He mauls the Biſhops in their Dignities,
Nor can Diſſenters 'ſcape his angry Paw,
He Fights the Whigs with *Goſpel, Pen, and Law*; (a)
Like drunken Men, he'll this way, that way Reel,
And turn his Mind as Fortune does her Wheel.
One Day he'll take *H. London* by the Throat,
The next Diſſenters are his Grief and Sport,
For [*Curſe ye Meroz*] ne'er will be forgot;
Thus in his *Proteus-Life*, he's this and that,
And in the Pulpit God alone knows what,
He is no turn-Coat (he for all things ſat)
Tell me [*All Saints*, &c.] for 'tis a Prodigie
Whoever chang'd more in one Moon than he?
What *Sect of Chriſtians* is't he has not known,
And at one time or other made his own;
Gold is his God; for a ſubſtantial Summ,
H—— to the *Turk*, wou'd run away from *Rome*,
And ſing his holy Expedition againſt Chriſtendom.
The *Black Noncons* (b) he ſays have loſt their Wits,
At other times he'll Jeer the *Churches Rites*;
For *Liturgies* he does not care a ruſh
(For knowing 'tis impoſſible to bluſh)
Tho' *Common-Prayer* refines the Life and Breaſt,
His *Ceremony-M*——*r* makes that Prayer a Jeſt.
By theſe Extreams, Religion's from us flown,
And our *One* Church grows *Many*, therefore none;
(But Anchors ſafe on *MODERATION*)

(a) *He once ſaid to a Friend of mine, That he got as much by the Law on Saturday, as he did by the Goſpel on Sunday.* (b) *He publiſh'd a Pamphlet with that Title.*

I love

I love *Church Rites*, and cannot think it fit
To have 'em banter'd by a Pulpit Wit;
I'd not have Churches poppeted with Shows,
Nor rudely ſtript ſtark naked of their Cloaths;
If *Liturgies*, which now ſo long have ſtood,
Seal'd by five Pious Biſhop's ſacred Blood;
Are termed Nonſenſe, or but Pottage thought,
'Tis Pottage from Heaven, like that to *Daniel* brought;
The *Surplice* which *H*—— ſo much has rail'd upon,
And term'd by ſome —— *The Whore of* Babylon;
Wiſe Men will not believe 'tis ſo, or wer't,
Whore's Smocks will ſerve, to make a Rogue a Shirt;
Or if Whores do wear Smocks, I do not know
Why honeſt Women ſhou'd not wear 'em too.
No Preaching can be counted an offence,
'Cauſe Treaſon and Sedition flow from thence,
For it is known, they that do Faction teach,
(May *play the Fool*, but) neither Pray nor Preach;
Good Preachers are as contrary to theſe,
As is our Zenith to the *Antipodes*,
Or *Hick*——'s foul Band to decent Ceremonies:
H—— likes not *Peace*, if he does go to draw
The *Goſpel* from agreement with the LAW,
And wou'd have as much difference betwixt,
Theſe two as 'tween his Doctrine and his Text;
'Tis our deſire to make them Friends again,
That ſo the *Goſpel* may the *Law* maintain;
They are (tho' two) *one Word*, and ſhou'd agree,
As their two Authors in one *Unitie*.

But *H*—— becauſe a black-coat Captain, dares
Become a Biſhop to correct our Prayers,
And new-coin all our *Orders*; nay retains
A publick Synod in his Factious Brains;
I hate ſuch *Pulpit Soldiers*, and ſhall call,
His Bant'ring of our *Rites*, *an Omen of his Fall*;
We pray for *Peace*, *the Phyſick of our Nation*,
Not ſprung from *War*, but from *Accommodation*.

Dean Sherlock

The *Guide* to the Non-Jurors, here I'll place,
For tho' he Preaches well, and with a Grace,
He's *Tacker* at Heart, and *Weeſil* in his Face.
He keckt at *Oaths*, when Royal *Will'* did Rule,
And from that time was call'd —— *A Pulpit Fool.*
The *Weeſils* ſay (for *Weeſils* ſpeak belike),
'The Dean is Rich and Learn'd, and has no Croſs in Life
'Unleſs Mankind's *Domeſtick Croſs*, *a Wife*.
'King *James* did favour him above the reſt,
'He has the knack of Preaching with the beſt;
His Words and Method merit great Reſpect,
And his new Whimſies juſt as great Neglect;
For *Satan* and Sherlock once did hold Debate (*a*)
To broach new *Fangles* in our Church and State:
Wiſe Men alone cou'd gueſs at his Deſign,
And can but gueſs, the *Thread* is ſpun ſo fine.
Firſt view his Whimſies in Divinity,
Baptiſmal Regeneration! Can it be? (*b*)
And for his Notions of the *Trinity*;

(*a*) There's a Book, intitul'd —— *A Friendly Debate between Satan and S*——
(*b*) *Reader*, Peruſe this Notion in his *Diſcourſe of Death*, and underſtand it if you can.

They're

They're ſo corrupt, and yet ſo finely wrought,
We'd loſt the Notion in his very Thought;
Had not Great *S——th*, with a true pious Wit,
Chaſtiz'd his Whims, and ſet our Notions right.
Oxford! (no, Pious *Oxford*) is thy Name,
That durſt correct his Hereſie with Flame, (*a*)
Fanaticks too, ſhou'd cauterize his Fame,
For at *Diſſenters* he gives double Thruſts;
He dares defame their Living Vertues firſt,
Then Perſecutes their Aſhes in the Duſt. (*b*)
Theſe are his *Fangles* in Divinity;
View next his *Errours* in State-Policy,
For all is one continu'd Hereſie——
'*S*——— you know wou'd fain the Oaths evade,
'*Scruples to Swear to th' King for whom he pray'd:*
'Now the *Pale-Prieſt* look'd back on what he'd done,
'Weeps all his Perſecuting days were run:
'The Prieſt (*as Prieſts are wont to do*) turn'd Tail,
'*He's Pulpit-Pool, and Nature will prevail*;
'And truly, did our Kings conſider all,
'No *Pulpit-Fools* wou'd ever Swear at all;
'When 'twas their Intereſt, Oaths they'd ſtill refuſe,
'For Whores and Prieſts do never want Excuſe;
His *Reaſons* for Swearing to an *Engliſh* Prince,
Confound the Notions of *Allegiance*;
For you might Swear to Turk, or Pope, from thence.
Nay, by his *Reaſons*, for the time to come,
I'd Swear to all the Kings in *Chriſtendom*,

(*a*) His Book on the Trinity was burnt at *Oxford*. (*b*) In one of his Controverſial Books he Banters an eminent Diſſenting Miniſter, who had been dead many Years before he writ againſt him.

When *William* won the Field, then *S*—— did convert grow,
Made more by Intereſt, than by Nature ſo;
Under his *Living Beams* his Scruples ſpread,
He conquer'd *Teague*, and then his Scruples fled.
A Wind-mill is not fickle, for we find,
That it is always conſtant to the Wind.
Thus *S* —— ne'er chang'd, he's ſtill to Intereſt true,
The Conqu'rour ever did his *Doubts* ſubdue;
'Tis his Profeſſion ſtill to calm the vext;
And as the Nation Veers, to change his Text.
' His Conſcience at laſt by Golden Bribes was freed,
' For what can Daunt, when Love and Beauty plead?
' Strict Conſcience o'er his Soul had mighty Power,
' But yet alas, his *Ruling* Wife had more:
But if all thoſe that Preach up Paradice,
Muſt have their ſhares of ev'ry humane Vice;
They ſhall cant long enough e're I believe,
Or pin my Soul on *S*——'s Faith or Sleeve:
But all ſaw not; ſo *S*—— he atchiev'd,
Ample Rewards who Sholes of Prieſts deceiv'd,
For all took S—— *For the ſafeſt* Guide.
To each Proud Dame he gives Example now,
They'd fain Rebel, and he has ſhewn them how;
They'll always quote his REASONS as ſublime,
And Diſobedience fix upon his Crime;
' *Courage they cry! let's make the Men obey,*
' *Mark how the D*——*r's Wife has led the way*;
' *She bids him Swear, and he durſt not delay.*
' *Sir*—— Theſe State-Errors have your *Fame* undone,
What can you mean by Preaching *Pro* and *Con*?

By

By this you brought your Pulpit in Diſgrace,
And tho' a D——, are but an F—— in Place;
For Sir, you thought by Sophiſtry, and Rules,
You might impoſe on your admiring Fools:
One while affirm we may reſiſt a King,
Another contradict the ſelf ſame Thing;
‘ Diſguiſing ſtreight, what now your Senſe unfolds,
‘ *As if you play'd the Juggler with our Souls:*
By which Proceedings, all we can Remark,
Is, you deſign'd to leave us in the Dark;
Is that a Wiſe and honeſt Preacher's part?
All this was Fact, and if 't be ſtill your way,
Who'll ever value what you Preach or Pray?
(Stand to your Text, and we will all obey)
For if your Doctrine now in Truth excells,
By Conſequence the former muſt be falſe;
And all the Notions you did late avow,
Are daſh'd and baniſh'd by your *REASONS* now;
‘ How oft alas! have I been one of thoſe,
‘ On whom you long did formerly impoſe?
‘ How oft have argued what you gravely taught,
‘ *Which you as gravely now prove good for nought?*
Altho' perhaps, I've laid my Soul upon't,
Eccho'd your Stuff, and juſtify'd your Cant;
And wou'd have laid my Wives and Childrens too,
On knotty Points you ty'd, and now undo;
Thus you are Pulpit F—— *and* Turn-coat *too.*
For this the *Weeſils* nibled at your Caſe,
And now i'th' Pulpit ſtare you in the Face,
S———'s a Jeſt to D——y *Weeſils* Mice.

Then

Then *S*—— ne'er hope to be a Biſhop here;
A D——'s too much for one that wou'd not ſwear:
To glorious *William* —— whilſt King *James* was near;
But being beat, wou'd ſwear and ſwear agen;
For 'tis from Conqueſt all your *REASONS* ſpring.
REASONS! —— There's ſtuff for *S*——'s Pen to write!
Then think, *Great Weeſil*, how you wou'd delight,
All honeſt Church-men, wou'd you die this Night:
Wou'd you, like ſome grave ſullen Victor, die,
Juſt when the Triumph's for the Victory
Are ſetting out, wou'd you die now t' eſchew,
Thoſe *Wreaths* that from *Non-Swearers* are your due;
And 'tho' they're bravely fitted for your Head,
Bravely diſdain to wear 'em till you're Dead:
Such *Cynick-Glory* wou'd out-ſhine the Light,
Of Laud *and* Cartwright, *in their greateſt height*,
And all thoſe *Pulpit-Fools* that live in Spight:
Not that the *Tacking Clergy* can deſire,
To loſe the Object they ſo much admire;
But *Temple-Guides* and Saints muſt ſhift away
Their Fleſh, ere they can get a Holy-Day;
Then like to *Time*, that Honour Regiſters,
Or like to *Saints* renown'd in Calendars;
You muſt depart, to make your Value known;
You may be lik't, but not ador'd till gone:
So curſt a Fate hath humane Excellence,
That Abſence ſtill muſt raiſe it to our Senſe,
Our Church is ſound, if you wou'd vaniſh hence:
The mighty *Julius*, who ſo long did ſtrive,
At more than Man, was hated whiſt alive,

Even

Even for that Vertue, which was rais'd ſo high;
When Dead, it made him ſtraight a Deity;
Then Dr. *Dye*, 'twou'd raiſe you to St. P——,
Beſides, when Dead, you are no Pulpit-Fool:
Try what that DEATH is which you writ upon,
'Tho' *JUDGMENT* follows, if you taught us wrong;
And almoſt *S——th* wou'd ſing your *Mourning Song* (*a*)
Ambaſſadors that carry in their Breaſt,
Secrets of Kings and Kingdoms Intereſt,
Are not advanc'd in a Politick Senſe,
'Till they grow greater by removing hence:
Like Subjects here, they but attend the Crown,
Yet ſwell like Kings Companions when they're gone.
So *S——* ſhou'd Heav'n forgive his *Hereſies*,
May be a King (above) but this en't till he dies;
No *Pulpit-Fool* can ſtart at this Advice;
For *S——* (that is, or wou'd be counted Wiſe)
Knows no Man loves a *Tacker* in diſguiſe:
Yet I recant, and ask he wou'd forgive,
That I ſhou'd wiſh his Death, and not his Life;
For with a Storm we all are over-caſt,
And *Northern-Storms* are dangerous when they laſt: (*b*)
Then ſhou'd he die, that only knew to ſteer,
With ev'ry Wind, how great wou'd be our Fear!
For each Proud *Levite*, then wou'd lay his Hand
Upon the *Helm*, and ſtruggle for Command,
For *Pulpit-Fools* wou'd Church and State confound;

(*a*) Or *Elegy*.
(*b*) This was writ during the late Tumult in *Scotland*.

'Till

'Till the Diſorders that above do grow,
Provoke our Curſes whilſt we ſink below.

Next let's behold the Merrieſt Man alive,
Againſt his *Female* Genius vainly ſtrive;
He'll quit his eaſe, ſome fond Deſign to lay,
'Gainſt a ſet Time, and then forget the Day;
Yes, he can laugh at his beſt Friends, and be
Eternal Toper of their *Ratafee*:
But when he aims at Reaſon or at Rule,
He turns himſelf the beſt in *Ridicule*,
And for Gallanting Ladies is a Fool;
Let him at Study, ne'er ſo earneſt ſit,
Shew him but Mirth, and bait that Mirth with Wit;
That ſhadow of a Jeſt ſhall be enjoy'd,
(And ſo ſhou'd Woman till his Mind was cloy'd)
Though he left all S—— B—— *to be deſtroy'd*;
He'd make a Play, cou'd he contrive the Plot,
And never think his Pulpit ſlurr'd a jot;
So Cat Transform'd, ſat gravely and demure,
'Till Mouſe appear'd, and thought himſelf ſecure;
But ſoon the Lady had him in her Eye,
And from her Friend, did juſt as odly fly:
Reaching above our Nature, does no good,
We muſt fall back to our old Fleſh and Blood:
Yet *B*—— does ſtrive to waſh his Brain with Fancies,
(Yes, he's a *Spiritualizer* of Romances)
But never did to Wiſdom much incline;
Yet when the Bottle does his Brains refine,
It makes his Wit as ſparkling as the Wine.

But

But Wit that's got by Wine, does waſte as faſt,
As do the Sparkles in the Cup or Glaſs;
Nature returns, and nought can croſs the Rule,
A Pulpit Fool will ever be a Fool.
B—— ſtrives againſt his Nature all he can,
For the fine Notion of a Witty-Man;
Yet his dull Mind, which all this buſtle makes,
No Pity of its *Poor Companion* takes,
What *Gravity* can hold from laughing out,
To ſee That drag his feeble Legs about;
Like Hounds ill-coupled, *Jowler* luggs him ſtill,
Through Hedges, Ditches, and through all that's Ill:
'Twere Crime in any Man but him alone,
To uſe a Body ſo, though 'tis one's own:
Yet this falſe Comfort never gives him o'er,
That whilſt he creeps, his vigorous Thoughts can ſoar;
But yet that ſoaring, to thoſe few that know,
(Which ſcarce is one of thoſe that crow'd him ſo)
Is but a buſie groveling here below:
So Men in Rapture think they mount the Sky,
Whilſt on the Ground th' intranced Wretches lie;
So *Modern Fops* have fancy'd they cou'd fly,
Whilſt 'tis their Heads alone are in the Air,
And for the moſt part, *building Caſtles there:*
In ſhort —— he tires himſelf and Hearers too,
And warrants Gaming by his WHISKING ſo;
He Cards all Night, Courts Ladies and believes,
Himſelf the fineſt *Pulpit-Beau* that lives;
BEAU —— *what is that, but one whoſe fluttering Mind,*
Is mad to tire himſelf and Woman-kind:

There's not a Wit (*or Pulpiteer*) that lives,
Who his Diſgrace more Foolishly contrives:
Thus *B*—— to pleaſe the Ladies (not the Men)
Forfeit's his Friends, his Pulpit and his Fame.
S——es make way for *Coffee-Houſe Preachers* next (*a*)
For they are *Fools* (and *Tackers* too) if vext;

Theſe

(*a*) *The Coffee-Houſe Preachers*, being a Title both new and ſurprizing: 'Twill be neceſſary to let the Reader into the meaning of it: In order to this, 'tis needful to enter into *the ſhort Hiſtory of a few Tranſactions in the Town of* Col—r, which of late made ſome Noiſe there, and ſeeing the Matter of Fact, as related by Mr. *S——es* (in his Sermon, intitul'd, *The Coffee-Houſe Preachers*, &c.) verifies all I have ſaid of 'em, I'll give it in Mr. *S——es* own Words, which are theſe following, viz.

'The ſame Evening that I preached this Sermon, [*Which Sermon was a Reproof of High Church Doctrine*] I receiv'd a Letter with a kind of a Challenge from a Gentleman to come to the Coffee-Houſe, where I ſhou'd hear my Sermon repeated; and a Publick Notice was given over the Town, that at Night there wou'd be a Repetition of my Sermon at the Coffee-Houſe, for the Publick Entertainment.

'Far from being either afraid, or aſham'd to ſhew my Face to the Author of this Scurrility, or to own or ſuffer for any thing I had ſaid, I rendered myſelf at this bleſſed Rendevouz at the the time appointed.

'Nothing in this ſurpris'd me ſo much as to find Two of the Reverend Clergy of the Church there; and in whoſe Countenances he muſt have very ſmall Skill in Phyſiognomy, that cou'd not read a particular Satisfaction at the Occaſion.

'To have anſwered me from the Pulpit, or reprov'd me by Conference, or Perſonal Debate, had been to have ſhewn themſelves Gentlemen, and acted like Chriſtians and Scholars.—— But to Mob the Pulpit, to ſet the Gown and the Buffoon together like the Dog and the Bear, was to make a Jeſt of themſelves, a Church of the Coffee-Houſe, and a Stage of the Pulpit.

'All I can anſwer for theſe Gentlemen, and in Defence of my Brethren of the Clergy; is, that this was Mr. *B*—— and Mr. *B*—— of *Col*——*r*; and I cannot perſuade myſelf to believe, the whole Clergy can find out two Men among them would have ſo foul'd their own Neſt, and offer'd that Violence to their Profeſſion, but theſe.

'Their Names are Satyr enough, their Characters are known, and I need ſay no more when I have told the World who they are.

'But to return to the Fact ——— The Reverend Aſſembly met, the Challenger began his Farce, and the Clergy-men ſtood to him like the *Italian* Player, that not being able to make a Jeſt out, always kir'd Fellows to laugh, that the Fancy of the People might not ſink upon his Hands.

'The Gentleman that made this excellent appearance, (as it was his uſual Cuſtom) broke out from bantering a poor Clergy-man, to blaſpheming his Maker, and belching out Oaths, as the natural Product of his Education: Then follow'd

'one

Theſe, contrary to the *Athenian* uſe,
Come here for Swearing, others come for *News*.
For News alone —— The Vulgar come and go,
Carrying a thouſand Rumours to and fro,
With ſtale Reports, ſome liſt'ning Ears do fill;
Some Coin freſh Tales in Words that vary ſtill,
Lyes mixt with Truth, all in the telling grows,
And each *Athenian* adds to what he knows:
But *Coffee-Houſe Preachers* han't the ſame intent,
To view the *News* and Houſe of Merriment;

'one of the blackeſt Scenes that ever a Chriſtian Country ſaw preſented. It 'was a Tragedy indeed, and ſuch a Tragedy as no Goverment yet ſuffer'd to 'go unpuniſh'd.

'Upon the occaſion of the Perſon above ſwearing after his uſual manner, a 'grave and honeſt Neighbour ſtep'd up to the Reverend Mr. *B*——, and aſk'd him 'this Queſtion. *Sir, do you allow of Swearing in your Company?* Upon which this 'Prieſt in Maſquerade, but Devil in diſguiſe, replied, *Yes if it be true, 'tis lawful 'to ſwear to the Truth.* Another hearing ſuch a horrid Syſtem of Infernal Doc- 'trine advanc'd, puts in this Queſtion. *Mr. B*——, *I have been at St. Peter's 'to day, is it lawful for me to ſay in Converſation,* By-God *I have been at St. Peter's 'Church to day*: The dark wretch replies, *Yes, you may Sir.*

'There was a great deal of Argument uſed to convince this Helliſh Crea- 'ture, but he perſiſted in it; at which I turn'd to him, and as calmly as the 'Provocation would admit, ſaid: *Mr. B*——, *Are you not aſham'd to Countenance 'prophane Swearing?* At which ſome of his own Friends, aſham'd for him, turn'd 'him down ſtairs.

'Nor is this all; but ſeveral of the Clergy of the Town, at the ſame time, 'and openly ſince, perſiſt in the ſame thing; and Mr. *B*—— in particular has 'behav'd himſelf very ſcandalouſly on this Account, as well as againſt me for it.

'He that is a Miniſter of the Goſpel, and can hear his Office ridicul'd, Preach- 'ing made a Coffee Houſe-Banter, that can ſee his Maker Blaſphemed, and his 'Fellow Watch-men fall in with the wicked Party; that can hear the Sons of the 'Prophets incourage, plead for, and defend the infamous and Scandalous *Practice* 'of taking the Name of God in vain, and prophane ſwearing by it, that can 'ſee the Clergy pull down all Religion, and juſtifie that abominable Sin they ought 'to deteſt. —— He that can do all this, muſt have ſmall Deference for his 'Maker, little or no Senſe of his Duty, and leſs Inclination to perform it.

Theſe are Mr. *S*——*es* own Words, without the leaſt Addition of mine, as you find 'em in the *Preface to his Sermon, intitul'd, The Coffee-Houſe Preachers*, and as they ſufficiently Juſtify all I have ſaid of the Two *B*——'s, ſo are a ſuf- ficent Reaſon, for my Ranking thoſe Two Furioſo's in the Catalogue of *Pulpit-Fools*.

They come to *SWEAR*, or never wou'd assert,
That we may *SWEAR* by G—— to what is Truth:
This Doctrine [*B*—— and *B*——,] (*a*) did belch from Hell,
For *B*—— is Satan's *SWEARING* Oracle;
For no good Man or Preacher wou'd appear,
To Head a Mob, or bid a *Tacker Swear*,
Swearing's his Breath, he scarce draws other Air:
But *B*—— and *B*—— Two Bravo's for the Devil;
Say Men may Swear by G——, and Swear no Evil:
When Men thus favour Vice, and wear a Gown,
They but cry up the Church, to pull it down:
Vain Pulpit Fools! Lodge *Herbert* in your Pate,
Were he an Epicure *he'd Swearing 'bate.*
Down on your Knees to God, and *S*——*es* too,
Swearers are pardon'd, *S*——*es* shews you how;
Pray hard, Confess, Repent, but don't Dissemble;
How, Swear by G—? that Word shou'd make you tremble.
Such *Priests* as you deserve a Load of Birch,
Brave Saints! to Bully Men into the Church;
You Mob the Pulpit, make the Gown a Jest,
And are but *Rev'rend Block-heads* at the best:
Your *Coffee-House Preachers*, Two Romancing Tools,
More F—— than K——, and yet more K—— than Fool;
Under what sickly Planet were you born,
Doom'd at your Birth, the Pulpits Plague and Scorn?
Like Farting *Pythia*, you are nothing else,
But a meer Trunk to Satan's Oracles.
You're a strange piece of *Linsey Woolsey* Ware,
Just such another thing as Bullies are,
For they Blaspheme, and you say, *Let 'em Swear*.

S——*es*.

(*a*) The Two *Coffee-House Preachers.*

S——es did fight with *Beasts at Ephesus*,
For *B*—— and *B*—— are Beasts, or something worse;
No real Men wou'd plead for Swearing thus:
You're not content with what you're selves can do,
To please the Devil, wou'd Damn your Neighbours too;
Like *Two Twin-Comets*, when you two appear,
We justly may suspect some Danger near;
You ha'nt one Grace or Charity in use;
Whom openly you dare not to traduce,
With short or over-praise you will abuse.
You allow *Dissenters* all things but their Right,
And most in Commendation shew your Spight;
If serious your Antagonist appear,
(As *Sheppard* is, who answer'd *B*——'s Jear)
He's then Fanatick, Precise, Popular.
If Bountiful, a Faction is design'd,
If Mod'rate Church-man, he's to Whigs inclin'd;
And if in War Dissenter has Success,
He's so much more a dangerous Man in Peace:
Thus *B*—— and *B*—— belye, distort and force
The Whiggs and turn each Vertue to a Curse,
They're Coffee-House-Preachers, and they can't be worse;
The *Coffee-House-Preacher*, Sermonizes thus,
His Preaching's Braying; *B*——*l* is an Ass,
Whose very Life's a sort of Railing News.
And *B*——'s Works are but a *Mittimus*;
To seize the Whiggs, or vent a senseless Curse.
B—— now confess, (*for that will cleanse your Gown,*)
Is there a *Swearing Make-bate* in the Town,
Or Private *Jacobite* to you unknown;

You

You both Harangue for Loyalty I own,
Your Loyalty's a Scandal to your Gown,
For that ſtill diſappears, when gaz'd upon.
Juſt *Time* does melt off all your naſty Paint,
Your Railing Tongue can no Diſſenter Taint,
Your very Scandal makes a Loyal Saint;
Cut out you were for *Rome*, or ſome ſuch place,
Where Pardons are ſold, and *Swearing is a Grace*;
Nature found ſtuff for Men, and wrought it right,
But Heav'n denies to give you humane Sprite;
Some Sparks of Fire, ſhe like *Prometheus* ſtole,
And wanting humane, gave a Brutal Soul;
Or you did by ſome *Tranſmigration* paſs,
From Fool to Brute, and there grew up an A——.
But why do I the precious Minutes ſpend,
On *Two* that had *much rather hang than mend.*

L——y's the *Pulpit-Fool* that next appears,
With Brazen-Face, Beau-Sword, (*a*) and Popiſh Ears;
Saylors by Wind, but L——*y by Tacking Steers.*
Stand forth, thou bold *Rehearſer* of our Time,
The Nation's Scandal, Puniſhment and Crime;
I'll tear your Vizar, and unmask your Shame,
And at each Corner *Gibbet* up your Name;
Expoſe you to the Scorn of all you meet,
As Dogs drag grinning Cats about the Street.

(*a*) I am told that *L——y* took his Degrees in *Dublin*, and had what he never deſerv'd, *Epiſcopal Ordination*; yet I can ſcarce call him a Clergy-man, for he ſometimes wears a *Grey Coat* and Sword, inſtead of a *Gown* and *Caſſock*: But whether he embrace the Title of *Duello* or *Captain*, whether he uſe the Martial or Spiritual *Sword*, I won't determine. Yet this I am ſure, by refuſing to take the Oaths to the *preſent Government*, he ſhews his diſlike to it; and for that Reaſon (were there no other) is a Scandal to his Gown, and his holy Profeſſion.

Great

Great *Laud* was for the *Noble Ax* design'd,
But you are to a meaner Fate confin'd,
Muſt ſuffer by a vulgar Hand like mine:
Rehearſing Fool, you Scribble on for Hire,
A Poor *Crowdero* in the Tacking-Quire;
Your nimble Pen on all their Errants run,
The Horeſcope ſtill opens to the Sun;
'Tis by *Rehearſing Lyes* you purchaſe Shame,
And damn your Soul to Scandalize your Name,
A Hackney-Prieſt is an Eternal Stain:
You writ for *Rome*, under a Popiſh King:
When Glorious *ANNE* by Providence came in;
You *fac'd about*, and quickly chang'd the Scene;
Tun'd to new Notes your Mercenary Strings,
Began to PLAY *Divinity of Kings:*
The Royal *William* ſtraight-way is forgot,
Stil'd Whig, Uſurper, and I know not what.
You cant of *Primogeniture*, and ſtill,
Do ſmell the Devil in the *Occas'nal Bill:*
The Words you ſpeak are few, for all your Note,
Is *Jure Divino* —— In a Royal Coat,
You hold it LAW to cut a Subject's Throat:
Your Deeds are all Inhumane and Uncouth,
But you are chiefly Devil about the Mouth;
You Rail as loud, as if you thought to find,
Juſtice was now grown Deaf, as well as Blind;
And ſtill your *Tacking Arguments* do end,
With that Home-Thruſt —— *You are not* Cæſar's *Friend.*
Oh *L[illegible]y! L[illegible]y!* can'ſt thou ſhew a Rule,
That warrants *Levites* thus to *Play the Fool*;

To

To ev'ry Shape you do the *Gown* Transform,
Loyal wou'd seem, but all you Act is Harm:
You all the *Sects* among Mankind do Ape,
And go about disguis'd in ev'ry Shape;
You are a Saint (*a very Saint*) in shew,
But in your Heart, the Devil and all his Crew:
A Pulpit Fool, a Lay-stall full of Mire,
And ought again to be new purg'd with Fire.
This is the Man, whose whole Discourse and Tone,
Is Honour, Justice, Truth, Religion,
(Down with the Whiggs, he crys— *Mind Forty One:*
Was such a Godly Make-bate ever known?
This *Weekly-Hack*, does nought but Mischief brew,
His Cloven-Foot is often lash't by *Foe*,
And *Tutchin* proves him *Fool and Devil too.*
What Prejudice relates, as being worst,
In his *Rehearsal* he still mentions first,
Knowing that *Gentler Truth* too slowly treads,
And that the first ill Rumour farthest spreads;
He'll Stab i'th' Dark, and then with pitying Voice,
Bemoan the Fate which makes his Heart rejoyce;
Yet after all, there's none can grudge the Elfe
His Dyet, for the Levite, *eats himself,*
That's, Pines to see Dissenters swim in Pelf:
To turn a Devil, he waits but 'till his End,
'Till then he's but a Carcass quicken'd by a Fiend;
Then don't this *Scribler* well deserve to pass,
For what he is indeed— A Pulpit Ass?
But shou'd I all his Foolish Deeds recount;
To what a mighty Sum wou'd they amount?

His

His Solemn Oaths, and bold Iniquities,
Devices, Shams, Evasions, Felsities,
My Poem to a Volume wou'd exceed,
Of greater Bulk than *Holinshead* or *Speed*;
For *L*—— is now so scandalously known,
And such a *Fool* for staining of his Gown,
That ev'ry *Whig* can find a Stone to Throw,
At one that does expose the Pulpit so:
But *L*—— if thou wou'dst at last attone,
And expiate thy former Follies done;
Like dying *Judas*, render back thy Pelf,
Rehearse thy Lyes (*a*) and then go hang thyself.
For P——, Railing P——, make us room,
That CANTS so much of *Charles*'s Martyrdom;
He's *Pulpit-Fool*, without Excuse or Reason,
He damns the Children for the Fathers Treason:
'Tis certain *Charles*'s glorious Martyrdom,
Can ne'er be stain'd, or this had been the Tongue,
Fam'd only for its January Song.
But P——'s too much despis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd;
But here my Muse shall one exception make,
And break strict Rules for Railing P——'s *sake!*
What *Circling Rays* now kiss that Martyrs Brows,
Who first subdu'd himself, and then his Foes;
But what is this to those that had no part,
In *Charles*'s Death, but lov'd him in their Heart?
He who in pointed *Satyr* does delight,
Shou'd never worry, where he is to bite;

(*a*) I mean confess 'em,

Kings are but Men, nor are their Counsels more;
Those Ills we can't avert, we must deplore;
But yet this Joy shou'd all our Grief surmount,
That Kings to God alone must give account;
For they'll have Justice in the Court of Heav'n,
'Tho' they by Fire or Ax were thither driven;
In Heav'n's no Bradshaw *for to pass the Doom,*
And Kings have Justice where no Traytors come:
Then *P*—— Rails and Rails he knows not why;
Smiles on the *Pope*, but Damns *Presbytery*,
His constant Madding-Day is January. (a)
E'nt this a *Fool*, thus to debauche a Muse,
And to Lampoons, the Preacher's Art abuse;
Sirs, en't it strange that *P*——'s Eloquence,
Shou'd be attended with so little Sense?
But he knows just *to Rail*, and get the Pence;
Yes, when a wealthy *Living* is his Fate,
He still cries *he is call'd to this or that*;
But is not, when a Pastor shifts his place,
A Fatter Benefice the Call of Grace?
Have ye ne'er seen a *Drone* possess with ease,
What wou'd provide for ten industrious Bees?
P— is that *Drone*, made so by *Benefice*.
Yet for his Failures I'll a Covering find,
His Rage I'll call a bravery of Mind:
Revenge, a Tribute due to's injur'd Fame;
And *Pride*, but what Transcendant Worth does claim:
His *Avarice*, Frugality I'll call;
And he was Prudent, when he grasp't at all;

(a) *January* the 30*th*.

I'll

I'll call his Railing Zeal, his Canting Senſe,
And varniſh o'er his very Impudence:
I alſo might gild o'er his *Luxuries*,
And for his *Sloth*, call't *Loathing of his Eaſe:*
But Muſe, forbear, you know he is a D——n;
Beſides, theſe Pleaſures he does meerly feign,
For his whole Life's but interwitting Pain;
So much of Feaſting, Surfeits, Gout, are ſeen,
We ſcarce perceive the little Time between;
Deluded Prieſt! how Fleſh makes you miſtake,
You Pleaſure loſe, only for Pleaſures ſake;
Each Pleaſure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of Pain, we ſquander Life away;
Nay, never wince, or think this laſh Uncivil,
For you are *Pulpit-Rake*, and that's the Devil:
In ſhort, you are that *January-Fool*,
That always Rails, yet never kept to Rule.
This is your *Phiz*, and all ſuch *Fools* as wou'd,
Rather Rail than Preach, be rather Rich than Good.

The next I'll Name of the conforming Tribe,
Is one who even *Pulpit-Fools Deride;*
'Tis *Bagſhaw* who did to Hell for ORDERS go,
For he has none, but what are ſign'd below;
Bagſhaw has the BRASS, of all the Pulpit-Flamms (*a*)
For they have ORDERS — *Bagſhaw* has only Shams;
Such Prieſts are but the Devil's Journey-men,
To ſlur the Pulpit, and Diſgrace the Gown:

(*a*) Here only ſuch *Pulpit-Fools* are meant, who lead Scandalous Lives (but not in *Private*) as knowing elſe they ſhou'd be turn'd out of their *Livings* by their *Pious Diocesans.*

If meer Pretenders make the *Preaching Liſt*,
The Devil himſelf might paſs for Pulpit-Prieſt;
For he harangu'd i'th' Mount, and cry'd, 'twas Writ. (*b*)
How can Men Preach, except that they are ſent (*c*)
They only PRATE, who Preach not by conſent;
That Man is call'd a *Fool* by every one,
Who mounts the Pulpit in *Conforming Gown*,
But without ORDERS or Commiſſion.
Thus B—— ſtands branded in the laſt *Gazet* (*d*)
For a great Fool, a V——n, and a Ch——t;
Nay, he does ſo reverſe the Preaching Rule,
He ſcarce deſerves the Name of *Pulpit-Fool*;

He's

(*b*) *Then the Devil taketh him up into the Holy City, and ſetteth him on a Pinacle of the Temple, and ſaith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, caſt thy ſelf down, [for it is written] he ſhall give his Angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they ſhall bear thee up, leaſt at any time thou daſh thy Foot againſt a Stone*, Matth. 4. 5, 6.

(*c*) *How ſhall they Hear without a Preacher, and how ſhall they Preach except they be ſent?* Rom. 10. 14, 15.

(*d*) The *London-Gazet* deſcribes *W* B——y for a Scandalous Perſon (and one that Preaches without *Orders*) and as a farther Proof of his being a *Pulpit-Fool*, (and perhaps Atheiſt) the Ingenious *Poſt-man*, [in Numb. 1715] gives this Account of him, *viz.*

London, December 24, 1706. 'Mr. *W*—— B——y, pretending himſelf to be 'a Miniſter of the Church of *England*, having lately built a Chappel in *Great Queen-'ſtreet*, in the Pariſh of St. *Giles's in the Fields*; and having there without Licence or 'Authority, for ſome time Preach'd, and conſecrated the Holy Sacrament of the 'Lord's Supper, and adminiſtred the ſame: The following Declaration was upon 'Sunday laſt publiſh'd in the ſaid Chappel, by Order of the Right Reverend 'Father in God, *Henry* Lord Biſhop of *London*, &c.

'Whereas I am credibly informed, That Mr. B——y gives out, for the 'Congregation aſſembled in this Place, that he has my Permiſſion and Encou-'ragement for what he does, I have thought it neceſſary, for the undeceiving of 'this part of the Flock, with the Care of whoſe Souls the Divine Providence 'has entruſted me, to publiſh and declare, that I have ſeveral times ſent to the 'aforeſaid Mr. B——y, and have order'd him to exhibit the Teſtimonial of his Ordi-'nation to me, that I might be the better enabled to Judge of his Qualifica-'tions for the Miniſtery; but the ſaid Mr. B——y, tho' often call'd upon, having never given me any Satisfaction in this particular, I have reaſon to 'conclude, that he has not been admitted into the Order of *Prieſt-hood* in 'the Church of *England*, and that therefore he is not duly qualify'd for the 'Reading of the Publick Prayers of the Church, for Preaching of God's Word

He's rather *Pulpit Pad*, and *Atheist* too,
Who Stabbs himself, to find Hell Torments true,
And wou'd both Damn and Cheat his Hearers too.
This Preaching Quixot, is a Beast of Prey,
Who bears down all that ſtops him in his way;
Ranges o'er all, and takes his Savage Fill,
In the wild Forreſt of a boundleſs Will:
B—— acts as if Heav'ns Joy, and Helliſh Pain,
Were the ſick Dreams of a diſtemper'd Brain;
Tales fit for Children, a meer holy Teſt,
To ſtarve the People, and to glut the Prieſt.
Thus B——'s a Tricking, Pulpit Atheiſt.

The *Pulpit Fool*, that ſhou'd bring up the Rear,
Is C— *of* C——n, *a Loud Pulpiteer*;
'He ſtole a rich *Bowl* (*a*) having drank off the Liquor,
'He taught his own Maid to grow *Quicker* and *Quicker*,
'This made his own *Pariſh* grow ſicker and ſicker.
'Till they caſt out their limping ſcandalous Vicar.
'He ſuborned two Strumpets, to keep 'em in awe,
'But this being prov'd, he muſt hang or withdraw;
For there's no Fool, that ſtains his Gown or Station,
That is Prophane or Loud by Approbation,
Our Biſhops degrade 'em when there is occaſion;

'Word, and adminiſtring the Holy Sacraments in the ſame. And for this reaſon all good Chriſtians ought to take care how they Communicate with ſuch 'a Perſon, who proceeds in Contempt of the Epiſcopal Authority, and the 'good Order and Diſcipline eſtabliſh'd in the Church of *England*. Dated *Dec.* 19. 1706. Sign'd,

HENRY LONDON.

At the ſame time likewiſe was publiſh'd the following Certificate under the Hand of the Right Reverend Father in God, Rich. *Lord Biſhop of* Peterborough, *viz.*

'These are to certify, whom it may concern, That W—— B—— offer'd himſelf to me this Day, to be admitted to the Order of Prieſt-hood, which I refus'd him, there being Crimes of a very heinous Nature alledg'd againſt him. 'Witneſs my Hand this 21ſt day of Dec. 1706. *Richard Peterborough.*

(*a*) Or Silver Tankard.

When

When Biſhops admoniſh, ev'ry Fool's diſmay'd,
All Pulpit-Fools, *are* Fools *in Maſquerade.*
Then I'll not call vile C—— Pulpit-Fool,
As he's expell'd for Leudneſs and Miſ-rule;
This is the K—— that ties unlawful Knot,
Sure *W——ns* Marriage ne'er will be forgot,
When Heirs are Stol'n, C—— *is ith' Plot;*
He'd JOIN He-Devil to a Succubus,
If he wou'd pay the Prieſt, and Wine produce;
There's Madam *S*—— but very ſlow wou'd mend,
Did not this Doctor Carnally attend,
She makes a St——n of her Reverend Friend.
Is there a skipping Whore about the Town,
Or private Nanny-houſe to him unknown?
Here for a *S——n* there for Pimp he went,
To do both Drudgeries, alike Content.
Till Dol—*of* C——n *did poſſeſs his Eyes,*
Whom he with two Leud Guineas did ſuprize,
Which Favour ſhe did kindly BASTARDIZE. (*a*)
C—— wan't the firſt that did Intreague with *Dol*——
Nor ſhe the firſt on whom he damn'd his Soul;
Here's Crime and Shame, and yet it is but juſt,
To one who ſpends his Brains upon his Luſt.
But Lo! the *Tell-tale* (*b*) comes to Town in State,
He ſtole a Tankard, (*Strumpets long for Plate*),
Which made him Timely think of a Retreat.
If he were Juſt, we ſhou'd his Parts condole,
His Learning in a litt'ral Senſe he ſtole.

(*a*) 'Twas ſaid C—— had two Baſtards by this Strumpet.
(*b*) His C——n Baſtard is here meant.

For

For 'tho' his ſtock of Books is very large,
He has but few but what he ſtole from *George*; (a)
Bibles he'd Steal, he is a Pious Thief,
His Gown will cover nothing but the Chief.
To *London* now, the thieviſh Doctor flies,
A Guilty Conſcience has quick-ſighted Eyes;
In *Holborn he fell to Drink and Whore* again,
And ſtoopt ſo low to Pimp and Rail for Gain.
Here ſorry Scandal's on Fanaticks thrown;
And viler Canting upon Forty One;
But had been Pillor'd, but for Dr. P——:
Thus C—— does mix (enlarging ſo his Folds),
His Care of Bodies, with his Cure of Souls,
He is a *W——ing*, Thieviſh, Pulpit-Fool;
A ſecond *O*—— for PUNK and common Duſt,
He's worſe in this, as *C——s is Aged Luſt.*
P—— comes laſt, who ne'er did pray nor Teach,
But a Retainer to the Fools that Preach,
For which I'll mark him for *a Pulpit Wretch.*
The Fools of every ſort and ſtation,
Did Tamper with P——, when they had occaſion,
His *Under-Huckſters* too, we find ſublim'd,
By *Hilton* and *Shad*, two Rogues that boldly climb'd;
To great Reſpect with P——, whate'er they do,
Though ne'er ſo wrong, was *Law and Goſpel too*;
Each PROCTOR, at his Pleaſure cou'd derive,
T' himſelf the Churches Pow'r *Legiſlative*,
Who not appears, or is behind in Fees,
The Church muſt, whenſoe'er the Sumner pleaſe, Ex

(a) George Sawbridge *Eſq*; *is the Perſon here meant, from whom he ſtole ſeveral Books, as a Perſon yet living can teſtifie.*

Excommunicate, give up to Satan, till
God gives him Grace to pay his Lawyers Bill,
Bawdry was bought and sold, and for a Fee,
Men might have License for their *L——y*,
If any had offended, th' only Curse,
Was the dear Pennance of an empty Purse.
And for a *Yearly Custom*, an old Bawd,
Might have a Pattent to set up the Trade,
For P—— *was Fool, and Pimp in Masquerade.*
Upon the Sabbath he allow'd to Play,
But if one wrought upon a Holy-day;
Oh! 'twas a Crime that nought cou'd expiate,
But the large Bribing *of an Advocate!*
He's in a wretched Case, *Dissenter* knows,
That has no better Advocate than those:
But P—— is Dead (yea Damn'd) with all his Crew,
Of Vile *Informers* that did Blood pursue,
Disgrac'd the Gown, and liv'd by Swearing too:
But now at D—— *C——s* there is found,
Meer Saints (for Lawyers) Men whose Hearts are sound;
Here en't one Noisy Fool, or simple Daw,
All Preaching Lawyers, Men without a Flaw,
Their Lives preach *Gospel*, and their Speeches L A W;
No Bawd they wink at, scarce Divorce allow,
And all the honest Whiggs have Justice now;
No P—— or Proctor, now with Thievish Brains,
To Rob Dissenters, then divide the Gains,
No Pulpit-*Fool*, for they are Banisht thence:
The present Proctors, (all that I can name)
Are truly W I S E, might Glory in their Fame.

Having

Having LASH'T the Fools that Fire the Church and Nation,
View next the Fools that Cant by Tolleration;
For there be Pulpit-Fools in every Station.
And here that *Independent* leads the way,
Who can both Fight, and Preach, and Plot and Pray;
Bob. F——r his very Name's a Plot,
His Clime embalms it, or his Name wou'd rot;
'Tis all his Merit, that he is *a Scot*:
We love the *Scots-men*, and UNITE of late,
F—— is the only Scots-man that we hate,
And him we'd love, wou'd he but love the State:
But he combines with *Jacks* to make us Slaves,
For Plotting is the Air in which he Breathes;
His very Body is a ſort of Plot,
For ev'ry Joynt has ſome Deſign on Foot;
His Goggle-eyes being dim and fiery red,
Are ſunk ſo far into his Plotting-Head;
They look, whene'er he ſquints, or ſtares at full,
Like Farthing-Candles blazing in a Scull,
His Eyes Plot here to make a Ghaſtly Fool.
His Roman-Noſe, hangs like an Arch between
His Brazen Fore-head, and his Sandy Chin;
His Noſe-Plots here, to mark his Popiſh Sin.
A Dainty Paſſage, liquoriſh and uncouth,
Is that Intreaguing Scandal-gulf, his Mouth:
His Gutts Plot here, and ſo did from his Youth,
In ev'ry Member of this Canting Tool,
Nature diſplays the Plotting K—— and Fool;
He's a Proficient in the Trade of Hell,
Whoſe latter Crimes, ſtill do his firſt excell;

The very top of Villainy we ſeize,
By ſteps in order, and by ſlow degrees;
None e'er was perfect Villain in one Day,
Except where F——n *did lead the way*:
But when degrees of Villainy we name,
How can we chooſe but think on *F——n*,
He, who through all of them hath boldly ran,
Left ne'er a Law unbroke by God or Man;
His Treaſur'd Sins of ſupererrogation,
Swell to a Summ enough to Damn a Nation:
It has been ſaid by Men of learned ſtrain,
That all the Wit of Man lies in his Brain;
But view *Bob. F——n*, and then you'll know,
That K—— and Fool in ev'ry part may grow;
He'll Cant, he'll Plot, Unſay, Proteſt and Rave,
Amphibious Animal, half Fool, half K——;
God's hatred and our Curſe, a Maſs of Evil,
In Body only, diff'rent from the Devil;
Diſſenter! ay, the Devil himſelf is ſo,
To all that's Good; ſo *BALCH* (*a*) diſſented too;
I do aſſert to Vertue he'll convert
His Looks and Tongue, while K—— is in his Heart;
With a falſe ſtamp of Goodneſs in his Face,
He Acts the Saint and K—— in ev'ry place:
And thus Diſſenters have their *Judas* too,
Our Saviour's Congregation was but few, (*b*)
In Twelve, one prov'd a Fool and Traytor too;

(*a*) *A violent Perſecuter of the Diſſenters.*
(*b*) *The Twelve Apoſtles are here meant.*

And

And ſince, where is the Nation that is free?
Still old Abuſes reign, and ſtill we ſee,
Preaching made Cant, and Nonſenſe Myſtery;
Then ſurely *Bob.* — muſt be a Pulpit-Fool,
Who ne'er was true to God, nor any Rule.
He's Independent in the vileſt Senſe,
Rambles from Vertue, and is all Pretence;
One while he wears a circumciſed Band,
Diſſenting Phiz, and *Owen* (*a*) does attend;
Next Day his Sword and Wigg (amazing Change!)
Do Rig him out to meet that Rogue L——nge;
His Factious Libels I cou'd here produce,
Beyond Example, and beyond Excuſe;
That prove him, Turncoat K—— and Villanous:
In ſhort, this Canting Plotting, Pulpiteer,
Does INDEPEND, (that's change in ev'ry Shire,
What he's at *Lime*, he en't in *Newgate-ſtreet*; (*b*)
And has his whole Religion ſtill to ſeek,
Thus *Bob.* Tacks round, with ev'ry Turn of State,
Is falſe to all Religions, has their Hate;
If any Thing, he's Preaching Jacobite:
Inconſtant Rover, whether doſt thou tend,
When will thy Plotting Villanies have end?
Whither at laſt do'ſt thou deſign to go?
To what Religion wilt thou e'er prove true,
To Turk or Pope, to Proteſtant or Jew?
Who can more certain of Deſtruction be,
Than he that truſts to ſuch a R—— as he?

(*a*) He was Aſſiſtant for many Years, to that truly Pious and Learned Divine, Dr. *John Owen.*

(*b*) He was confin'd to *Newgate* for ſeveral Months, for Plotting againſt the Government.

What Good can come from him whom Hell did bring,
T' espouse the Interest of a Popish King,
He who the *Glorious William* cou'd desert,
Is the most fit to act a Traytor's part;
The *Pulpit-Fools* do so in all they can,
At least so far as they act *Ferguson*.
Ferguson lately boasted in a Publick Place, (a)
(*For Shame it seems has wholly left his Face*)
That he'd engage to write this Government,
(Or any State where *Ferguson* was sent)
Quite off its Leggs, in three Years time or less;
En't this a Rogue? Let *Independents* guess?
A Fool, a Wit, a Knave, a Popish Priest,
That Sanctifies his Treasons with his Fist,
And can do just what Villanies he list;
A Slander for each Vertue he'll invent,
And in False Colours ev'ry Vice present;
He Stabbs and breaks through sacred *Pulpit-Tyes*,
And cares not who he hangs, so he can rise.
His Plotting-Life seems one continu'd snare,
And ev'ry Treason sneaks and centers there;
His Reasons ask not, for he will reply,
He Writes, he Plots, and Lives, he knows not why;
Reasons for this he does not know nor care,
But wou'd be damn'd because his Betters are;
Such Knaves as *Bob.* set all Men by the Ears,
The Prince and People, Commons and the Peers;
Knaves kindle first, and still foment the Rude,
Seditions of the *Cock-brain'd* Multitude;

(a) *'Twas in a Coffee-House near the* Royal-Exchange, *and his words were these*, viz. I'll engage to Wrike any Government off its Legs in three Years time.

Who

Who like themſelves, are Planet-ſtruck and vary,
Prograde, and Retrograde, ne'er Stationary.
Their Heads like Bowls, run round unſteer'd by Reaſon,
Their Bias Faction, and their Jack *is Treaſon.*
Thus *Bob.* (a Factious Fool) PREACHT diſcontent,
Then runs to *Monmouth*, Rails at Government;
But his Advancement was the thing he meant.
Eve was his Mother, he'll a Traytor be,
He'll fight for *Monmouth*, PREACH for Popery,
He loves no Fruit but the Forbidden Tree.
And yet this *Pulpit-Turncoate* makes pretence,
To Honour, Juſtice, Truth, and Conſcience;
He's a right *Independent*, for the Elfe,
Thinks no Man truly pious but himſelf;
This is their Fault (*'Tho' 'tis their only Stain*)
To think none pure but thoſe that joyn with them:
If I charge Faults the *Independents* ſhun,
I ask their Pardon, not of F——n,
For 'tis to Plot, to talk with him alone;
Bob. and the *Jeſuites*, altho' they bend
Their Heads contrary, meet at laſt, and tend
Both to confound Religion, which doth ſtand,
Like Chriſt o'th' Croſs, with Thieves on either Hand;
Extreams both in a Circle ſet their Feet,
And 'tho' contrary go, at laſt muſt meet;
For Bob. *from Independent, now's turn'd Jeſuit.*
Thus *Bob* a true *Diſſenter* is indeed,
He ne'er with any, or himſelf agreed;
But rather than want Subject to his Spite,
Snake-like, he'd turn, and his own Tail wou'd bite;

Some-

Sometimes, 'tis true, he took the juſter ſide,
But when he came by ſuffering to be try'd,
The Plotter ſoon betray'd his Fear and Pride.
Thence *Pettis*-like, he to Recinting fell,
Of all he wrote, or fancy'd to be well;
Thus purg'd from Good, and thus prepar'd by Evil,
He fac'd to Rome, *then march'd off to the Devil.* (a)

Another

(a) To convince the World, this Character of *R——— F———* is no *Poetical Fiction* (but every Word and Syllable of it True) See the whole confirm'd by an ingenious Gentleman, (in his Book intitul'd, *The Character of a Whig*) his Words are theſe, 'R——— F——— is a common Enemy to all kind of Governments, and preferrs Plotting againſt whatever is uppermoſt, above any other kind of Lechery. Under the Monarchy of *Charles the Second*, he was a profeſs'd Common-wealths-Man, and employ'd himſelf and his Pen as deſperately againſt that *King and Court*, as if he had been weary of his Life; courted a Halter, and the Honour of dying with his Shoes on; which he had certainly done, if there had not been an underſtanding between him and Secretary *Jenkins*, who order'd Mr. *Legate* the Meſſenger, tho' his Name was in all Warrants againſt the Whiggs, not to ſeize him; for fear, I ſuppoſe, of diſcovering him to be a *Treacherous Jack of Both-ſides*. In the Reign of *James the Second*, he ſet up for a *Monmothean*, to Scandalize the Action, and at the loſs of honeſter Mens lives, eſcaped from a Hogſty, with his own, into *Holland*. In *the Prince's glorious Expedition* to Redeem our Religion and Liberties, his Highneſs was pleas'd (as well he might) to deny this *Boutefeau* a Paſſage among thoſe that offer'd him their Service, and the worthy Gentleman that over-perſuaded the King he might paſs in the Throng without any Reflection upon that Honourable Enterprize, has repented it ever ſince, that he open'd his Mouth for ſo vile a Wretch. In King *William*'s Reign, tho' obliged beyond his Deſert, *he has play'd the Devil, for the Devil's ſake*, and has put Hell to its Shifts to invent Plots ſo faſt as he could utter them. He had an Office under King *William*'s Government, but acted for the *Jacobites*, begg'd Money of the *Independents* to relieve their Poor, but gave what he cou'd ſave from the Vintner's Tap, to the *Non-jurant-Parſons*. There was no Plot againſt the Government in King *William*'s Reign, in which he had not a conſiderable Share either in acting in it, or ſhamming it, when it came to be diſcover'd. *Aquinas* does not more abound with Diſtinctions and Salvo's, than he with corrupted Texts to excite Men to Rebellion. His Life is governed by a *Jacobite Licenſe*, that Emancipates him from the Servile and Pedantick Obligation of Congruity in his Life and Manners, and Stages him as one of the *Antipodes to Mankind, made up of Croſſneſs and Oppoſition*. He makes a Conſcience of every thing and Nothing. What the *Law* requires, he pukes at, like a breeding Woman; but to promote his own Traiterous Deſigns, the *ſeven deadly Sins* paſs whole through him, without ſo much as kecking. He ſaid not long ago, in a Publick Coffee-Houſe, (as is hinted in his Poetical Character) *That he'd engage to write any Govern-*

ment

Another *Pulpit-Fool that did dissent,*
Was a Lewd AGED Presbyter of *Kent*;
'Twas *F——don* that did so much disgrace,
His CLOAK and Pulpit with his Whoring Case;
I don't in *F——* the Presbyterians blame,
F—— *was their Sorrow, not their Pulpit's-Shame*;
I am not such a Foolish Rhiming Sot,
To mark my own Religion with a blot,
My own: For CHURCH and *Presbyterians* are the same; (*a*)
Or if we differ, 'tis but just in Name.
Our CHURCH and *Presbyterians* sure might close,
For meer indiff'rent Things have made them Foes,
Indiff'rent things can never warrant Blows. (*b*)
Then 'ten't the Sect, but Lust I here deride,
(No PRESBYTER; for Letchers are no Guide)

'ment off its Legs in three Years Time. So that under even the *Present Government*, (which 'is the most glorious and happy that ever *England* knew) he is still a *Male contented Whig*; 'but whether 'tis *Hugh Peters* of our Side, or t'other, is not yet determin'd; and there-'fore *Reader cross thyself, and have nothing to do with him*; for if all the Wickedness of 'Mankind were lost, there's enough in him to replenish the World with Vices, 'and croud Hell with obstinate and impenitent Criminals. ——

(*a*) 'I will (*says the Ingenious* Tutchin, *in his Observator, Vol. 6. Numb.* 17.) 'venture to say thus much, That the Doctrines of the Reform'd Church of *Eng-'land* are *Presbyterian*; I mean the Doctrines in the Thirty Nine Articles, and 'those few Articles of the Thirty Nine to which the Dissenters do dis-'agree, are Adiaphorous and indifferent in themselves, *not in Scripture made Terms of 'Communion*, nor are they necessary to Salvation, but are *Civil Articles*, bearing 'the sanction of the State: So that the *Presbyterians and the true Church-men have the 'same Faith, go in the same way to Heaven, oppose alike all the Enemies of the Faith*, 'and differ only concerning Rituals or Ceremonies in Religion, which like Acci-'dents may *abesse & adesse sine Interritu Subjecti*, may be, or not be, without the 'Destruction of the Protestant Religion.

(*b*) *Indifferent Things can never warrant Blows* —— For in the Preface to the Book of *Common-Prayer*, 'tis there said, '*The Particular Forms of Divine Worship, and the 'Rites and Ceremonies appointed to be used in the Publick Liturgy, being things in 'their own Nature, indifferent and alterable, and so acknowledged; it is but reasonable, that 'upon weighty and Important Considerations, according to the various Exigency of Times and 'Occasions, such Changes and Alterations shou'd be made therein, as to those that are 'in Place of Authority should from Time to Time seem either necessary or Expedient.*

'Tis

'Tis F——don *that got a Wench with Child*,
That I'll expoſe, a Rake that's ſelf-exil'd,
He Presbyterians left, in being Wild;
Who thinks on C——*r*, *O*——*ld*, *Ath*——*ton*,
Owns ev'ry Pulpit has ſome Letcher known,
And here the Fool I'll laſh is F——don;
No Chink doth in a Brothel-Houſe appear,
Their Sport is Darkneſs, Letchers dread the Air,
For where is Guilt, there ever will be Fear;
Stews often hide their Shame, but *F*——*don*,
Thy Sin does point thee out to every one.
'Tis bad, *Lewd Fool*, thus to imploy thy time;
But to be taken, BLOCKHEAD, *there's the Crime*;
The Crime to ſuch as thee, who did'ſt not fear
A wounded Conſcience, but the Peoples Ear;
The Crime to ſuch as thee, who wer't ſo Civil,
To damn thy Soul to pleaſe a Luſtful Devil.
But Amorous Treaſon ſuits not, (credit me)
With Men in Years, or with PRESBYTERY;
But *F*—— it ſeems has Fleſh beneath his Gown,
He don't refine, as *Calvin* wou'd have done;
That Saint to ſuch a Purity was wrought,
He Pray'd and Faſted to a walking Thought,
He acted juſt as *Presbyterians ought*:
But *F*—— as if *Old Age* had taught him Youth,
Debaucht his Pulpit, and does raviſh Truth,
He Whores with ſcarce one Eye, and ne'er a Tooth.
Old *F*—— a Letcher! Fye! Oh fye for ſhame!
LUST in Old Age, is Vice I bluſh to Name,
'Tis Fl——*ing in the Whore*, *'Tis Luſt that few can tame*,
'Tis wild-Fire in the Bones, and Devil in the Flame.
Youth is a ſort of Nature's Warming-Pan,
In Youth the Blood does boil, and want a Fan:
But thou art paſt all Cttterwauling, man;
How dare you PREACH and Whore too, Aged Duſt?
Why do'ſt provoke the Aſhes of thy Luſt!
Where Time has ſnow'd, there Whoring's double curſt:
All kind of Luſt ſhou'd with Old Age expire;
Thy *WARMTH* returns, but 'tis ſo falſe a Fire,
It never reaches further than Deſire.

How

How madly does that man his Hours employ,
That ſtill deſires, and never can enjoy;
That paſt the Act, is yet not paſt the Fault,
And damns himſelf —— *by being Lewd in Thought:*
This is thy *Caſe*, thou'rt like to *Wood* of *Chinner*,
Thou'rt impotent, and yet a Whoring Sinner.
En't *F*—— a Pulpit-Fool, thus to defame
His Life, his Cloak, and Presbyterian Name;
But in all Churches will a *Judas* creep,
It is her Trouble, and her great Miſtake,
Ev'n Presbyterians too, have had their RAKE;
But they diſown'd him, as good men ſhou'd do,
This makes their GRACE to ſhine, and LEARNING too;
F—— was the only Fool their Pulpits knew:
For *B*——*l* and *C*——, I can't with Honour Name,
As both Repented of their LUST and Shame;
For Whoring in all Opinions is the ſame;
They all abhor it, but the SCOTS much more,
Scotch Presbyterians ſo much Luſt deplore,
They've STOOLS on purpoſe to expoſe the Whore. (*a*)
I next ſhou'd *Pulpit-Fools* and *Saints* diſplay,
That go to Heaven the Anabaptiſt-way;
But theſe are all ſo Wiſe, keep ſo to Rule,
In all this Town they han't one *Pulpit-Fool*:
What tho' they fancy Infants can't partake
In Baptiſm, —— (For good men oft miſtake),
Yet ten't one Error does a Block-head make:
'Tis true, of *Infants* (*b*) Scripture nothing ſaith,
But we Baptize them —— *'Tis the Churches Faith*;
In this we differ —— but 'tis by all adviſ'd,
That firſt or laſt, all Men ſhou'd be baptiz'd;
Then ſhall we fight thoſe Men that cannot ſee
The Time when 'tis, but to the Fact agree,
And to th' Adult, preach Faith as much as we?
No, God forbid! for Heav'n does partake,
In all their Doctrine, but in this Miſtake;
In Life and Pulpit too, their Preachers ſhine,
They have no Error, ſave one INFANT CRIME;
Hear but their *Maſters*, *Croſley*, *Stennet*, *Wilſon*,
Piggot, *Hodges*, *Allen*, *Keyes* and *Stinton*,
With other Preachers that their Church adorn;
You'd own that Angels were incarnate then,
And that theſe very Preachers were the Men:
Then MUSE begone, why ſhould you longer ſearch?
There are no FOOLS where Men like Angels Preach.
We next will Ramble to the *Bull and Mouth*,
To hear the *Yea and Nay-Man holding Forth*;
'Tis *PEN* I mean, but he's a *Pulpit-Fool*,
That knows ſo much, and yet forſakes the Rule:

(*b*) *Infant-Baptiſm is here meant.*

(*a*) *'Tis common for the Whores in* England *to do Pennance in a white Sheet, and in* Scotland *(which to the Joy of all Good Men, is now Part of* Great Britain*) they are expos'd in what they call the* Stool of Repentance.

Unbenefic'd, (yet Rich) *PEN* had the way,
To get a vaſt Eſtate —— *By Yea and Nay*;
Then COACHT it (ſpight of Friends) to *Penſilvania*;
Where 'tho' his Doctrine be not ſound, nor true,
He'll hav't approv'd, becauſe 'tis ſtrange and new;
Theſe ſlight Baptiſm, and the Sacrament,
(Oh may they ſee their Error and Repent)
For they UNITE againſt the *Roman Whore*,
Renounce the *Pope*, and *Tackers* do abhor;
Are Friends at Heart, as well as in their Speech,
(And 'tho' *BUGG* writes, and *KEITH* againſt them Preach)
Are very Juſt, as well as very Rich:
Then wou'd they Chriſten, and Chriſt's Death revive
I'th' SACRAMENT (where Souls do Feaſt and Live)
They'd paſs for Chriſtians, and the beſt of Men,
And to their CREED, we all wou'd ſay *Amen*:
But this will hardly be (for if you mark)
Their Light within does keep them in the *Dark*;
I can't ſay all, for ſome are ſo refin'd,
They ſcarce do QUAKE in Body, Dreſs, or Mind.
The beſt, the kindeſt Friend I ever had,
A Quaker is, and yet ſo truly good;
His Senſe and Vertues, if I ſhou'd deſcribe,
Wou'd be enough to attone for all the Tribe;
For ſearch all Sects and Parties whilſt you can,
You ſcarce can find the like *Samaritan*,
John H—— has Bounty in his very Name.
Amongſt *Diſſenting Fools*, there's yet behind,
Some Pulpiteers that were both mad, and blind;
Their Names are *Stiv'ns J*——*cobs Muggleton*,
Eml——*n* and *Peters* (that bold Son of *Rome*)
With the whole Crew of *Philadelphian* Cant,
Who *FOAM* (ne'er Preach) and make their Sermons Rant;
Theſe all deſerve the Name of Pulpit-Fool,
They neither live, nor Preach, nor think by Rule.
Theſe en't ſuch Preachers as Diſſenters own,
They are at beſt but dreaming Simpletons;
They do diſſent, but want Diſſenters Fame,
For their Diſſenting only is in Name,
Where theſe Diſſent, 'tis only to their Shame.
Thus have I briefly nam'd the Pulpit Fool,
Of ev'ry Sect, Degree, and Preaching School;
I might proceed to give theſe Fools advice,
Paint *Jeffery Stiv'ns* in his ſcraping Vice,
Draw *J*——*cobs* and *Eml*——*n* in their Blaſphemies,
Then Name the Preachers that are truly WISE.
But to deſcribe, being work of Time, and Art,
This NICE ATTEMPT ſhall make a Second Part,
Where WISE ſhall find me kind, where FOOLS ſhall find me Tart.

FINIS.